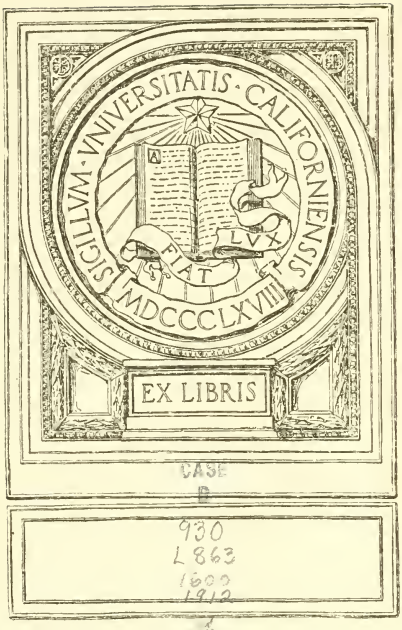
UC-NRLF
B 2 889 038

YE18656



CASE
B
930
L863
1600
1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Look About You

Date of the only known edition, ... 1600

(*B.M.* C. *34,* b. *32.*)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/lookaboutyou160000londrich

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Look About You

1600

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

Look About You

1600

This play is facsimiled from an original copy in the British Museum, another example being at Bridgewater House, and yet another in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, reports of the reproduction:—

"There is nothing calling for special comment as regards the reproduction from the original copy."

JOHN S. FARMER.

A PLEASANT COMMODIE, CALLED Looke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his seruaunts

LONDON,
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne
neere Guild-hall gate.
1600.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

A pleasaunt Commodye
called
Looke about you.

Enter Robert Hood *a young Noble-man, a seruant with him, with ryding wandes in theyr handes, as if they had beene new lighted.*

Robert.

GOe, walke the horses, wayte me on the hill,
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of sight:
My busines with him must not be reueal'd,
To any mortall creature but himselfe.

Ser. Ile waite your honour in the crosse high-way. *Exit.*

Rob. Doe so: Hermit deuout and reuerend,
If drousie age keepe not thy stiffe ned ioyntes,
On thy vnrestfull bed, or if the houres
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,
Come foorth.

Enter Skinke *like an Hermit.*

Skin. Good morrow son, good morrow, & God blesse thee
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friends by meede.

Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,
Important busines vrgeth Princely *Richard*, *Deliuer letters.*
In these termes to salute thy reuerent age.
Read and be briefe, I know some cause of trust,
Made him imploy me for his messenger.

Skin. A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,
Princes had need in matters of import,

To make nice choyse faire Earle, if I not erre,
Thou art the Princes ward.
Ro. Father I am his ward, his Chamberlaine & bed-fellow.
Skin. Faire fall thee honourable *Robert Hood*,
Wend to Prince *Richard*, say though I am loath,
To vse my skill in Coniuration:
Yet *Skinke* that poysoned red cheekt *Rosamond*,
Shall make appearaunce at the Parlament,
He shall be there by noone assure his Grace.
Rob. Good morrow Father, see you faile him not,
For though the villaine did a horrible deed,
Yet hath the young King *Richard*, and Earle *John*,
Sworne to defend him from his greatest foes.
Skin. Gods benizon be with thee noble Earle.
Rob. Adew good father, holla there, my horse? *Exit.*
Skin. Vp, spur the kicking lade, while I make speede
To Coniure *Skinke* out of his Hermits weede;
Lye there religion keep thy M. graue,
And on the faire trust of these Princes word
To Court againe *Skinke*: but before I goe,
Let mischiefe take aduise of villany.
Why to the Hermit letters should be sent,
To poast *Skinke* to the Court incontinent:
Is there no tricke in this? ha let me see?
Or doe they know already I am he?
If they doe so, faith westward then with *Skinke*:
But what an asse am I to be thus fond,
Heere lyes the Hermit whom I dying found
Some two monthes since, when I was howerly charg'd
With *Hugh* the Cryer and with Constables,
I saw him in the ready way to heauen,
I helpt him forward, t'was a holy deed;
And there he lyes some sixe foote in the ground,
Since when, and since, I kept me in his weedes.
O what a world of fooles haue fill'd my Cell;
For Fortunes, run-awaies, stolne goods, lost cattle,
Among the number, all the faction
That take the young Kings part against the olde;

Come

Come to my ſelfe to harken for my ſelfe,
So did the aduerſe party make enquire,
But eyther fall full of contrary deſire:
The olde Kings part would kill me being ſtain'd,
The young Kings keep me from their violence.
So then thou needſt not feare, goe boldly on,
Braue *Hall*, Prince *Dicke*, and my ſpruce hot ſpur *Iohn*,
Heer's their ſafe conduct: O but for *Roſamond*!
A fig for *Roſamond*, to this hope Ile leane:
At a Queenes bidding I did kill a queane.

Sound Trumpets, enter with a Harrald on the one ſide, Henry *the ſecond Crowned, after him* Lancaſter, Cheſter, *Sir* Richard Faukenbridge: *on the other part, K.* Henry *the Sonne crowned, Harrald after him: after him Prince* Rich. Iohn, Leyſter, *being ſet, enters ſantaſticall* Robert *of Gloſter in a gowne girt: walkes vp and downe.*

Old. K. Why doth not *Gloſter* take his honoured ſeate?
Glo. In faith my Liege *Gloſter* is in a land
Where neyther iuerty is to ſit or ſtand.
I onely doe appeare as I am ſummoned,
And will awaite without till I am call'd.
Yon. K. Why heare you *Gloſter*?
Glo. Henry I doe heare you.
Yon. K. And why not King?
Glo. What's he that ſits ſo neere you?
Rich. King too.
Glo. Two Kings? ha, ha.
Ol. K. Gloſter ſit we charge thee.
Glo. I will obey your charge, I will ſit downe,
But in this houſe, on no ſeate but the ground.
Iohn. The ſeat's too good.
Glo. I know it brother *Iohn*.
Io. Thy brother? *Ol. K.* Silence there.
Yon. K. Paſſe to the billes Sir *Richard Faukenbridge*.
Fau. My Lieges both, olde *Faukenbridge* is proude
Of your right honour'd charge. He that worſt may
Will ſtraine his olde eyes, God ſend peace this day.

A bill for the releasement of the Queene prefer'd,
By *Henry* the young King, *Rich.* the Prince, *John* Earle
Of Murton, *Bohmine* Earle of Leister and the cõmons:
Old K. Did you preferre this byll?
All. We did.
Cheſt. Lanc. Yee did not well.
Glo. Why this is good, now ſhall we haue the hell.
3. Bro. Cheſter and *Lanchaſter* you wrong the King.
Cheſt. Lan. Our King we doe not.
Yon.K. Doe not you ſee me crown'd?
Lanc. But whilſt he liues we to none elſe are bound.
Ley. Is it not wrong thinke you, when all the world
Troubled with rumour of a captiue Queene,
Impriſoned by her husband in a Realme,
Where her owne ſonne doth weare a Diademe?
Is like an head of people murinous,
Still murmuring at the ſhame done her and vs?
Is't not more wrong when her mother zeale
Sounded through Europe, Affricke, Aſſia,
Tels in the hollow of newes thirſting eares,
Queene *Elinor* liues in a dungion,
For pitty and affection to her ſonne:
But when the true cauſe, Cliffords daughters death
Shall be expoſed to ſtranger nations:
What vollumes will be writ, what lybels ſpred?
And in each lyne our ſtate diſhoneured.
Fauk. My Lord ſpeakes to the purpoſe, mary it may bee ſo,
Pray God it proone not ſo.
Ley. Heare me conclude, and there withall conclude,
It is an heynous and vnheard of ſinne:
Queene *Elinor* daughter to Kingly Fraunce,
King *Henries* wife and royall *Henries* mother,
Is kept cloſe priſoner for an acte of Iuſtice,
Committed on an odious Concubine,
Kin. Thou wrongſt her *Leiſter.*
Lei. Leachers euer praiſe the cauſe of their confuſion. She
Fau. She was ill ſpoken of it's true, true. (was vile
Glo. Yonder ſits one would doe as much for you

Old

Olde foole, young *Richard* hath a gift I know it,
And on your wife my sister would bestow it.
Heer's a good world men hate adulterous sin,
Count it a gulfe and yet they needs will in.
Les. What answere for the Queene?
Lan. The King replyes your words are foule slaunderous
John. His highnes sayes not so. (forgeryes.
Lan. His highnes doth,
Tels you its a shame for such wilde youth,
To smother any impiety,
With shew to chastice loose adulterie.
Say *Rosamond* was *Henries* Concubine,
Had neuer King a Concubine but he?
Did *Rosamond* begin the fires in Fraunce?
Made she the Northerne borders reeke with flames?
Vnpeopled she the townes of Picardy?
Left she the wiues of England husbandles?
O no: she sinn'd I graunt, so doe we all,
She fell her selfe, desiring none should fall;
But *Elinor* whom you so much commend,
Hath been the bellowes of seditious fire,
Eyther through Iealious rage or mad desire;
Ist not a shame to thinke that she hath arm'd
Foure Sonnes right hands, against their fathers head,
And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch,
But one whom God on earth hath deified?
See where he sits with sorrow in his eyes,
Three of his Sonnes and hers tutor'd by her,
Smiles whilst he weeps, and with a proude disdaine,
Imbrace blith mirth, while his sad heart complaine.
Fau. Ha laugh they? nay by the rood that is not wel,
Now fie young Princes fie.
Hen. Peace doting foole.
John. Be silent asse.
Fau. With all my heart my Lords, my humble leaue my
Gods mother asse and foole for speaking truth, (Lords
Tis terrible, but fare yee well my Lords.
Rich. Nay stay good *Faukenbriage*, impute it rage,

That

That thus abuses your right reuerend age,
My brothers are too hot.

Fau. Too hot indeed, foole, asse, for speaking truth?
it's more than need.

Rich. Nay good Sir *Richard* at my kinde intreate
For all the loue I beare your noble house,
Let not your reuerence kindle further wrath,
Each side's at counsell now sit downe I pray,
Ile quite it with the kindest loue I may.

Glo. I to his wife.

Fau. Prince *Richard* Ile sit downe,
But by the faith I owe fayre Englands Crowne,
Had you not been I would haue left the place,
My seruice merits not so much disgrace.

Ric. Good *Faukenbridge* I thanke thee. *Go to their places.*

Glo. And you'l thinke of him, if you can step into his bower
at Stepney.

Fau. Prince Richard's very kinde, I know his kindenes,
He loues me but he loues my Lady better,
No more, Ile watch him, Ile preuent his game,
Young Lad, it's ill to halt before the lame.

They breake asunder. Papers this while being offred and subscribed betweene either.

Hen. Ile not subscribe to this indignity,
Ile not be call'd a King but be a King:
Allow me halfe the Realme, giue me the North,
The Prouinces that lye beyond the Seas,
Wales and the Isles that compasse in the mayne.

Glo. Nay giue him all and he will scant be pleas'd.

Rich. Brother you aske too much.

Iohn. To much, too little, hee shall haue that and more, I
I will haue Nottingham and Salisbury, (sweare he shall.
Stafford and Darby, and some other Earledome,
Or by S. *Iohn* (whose blessed name I beare)
Ile make these places like a wildernes.
Is't not a plague, an horrible abuse,
A King, a King of England should be Father
To foure such proper youths, as *Hall*, and *Dicke*,

My brother *Geffrey* and my proper ſelfe,
And yet not giue his ſonnes ſuch maintenaunce,
As he conſumes among his minions.
Rich. Be more reſpectiue *Iohn.*
Io. Reſpectiue *Richard*, are you turn'd pure? a changing wether-cocke?
I ſay it's reaſon *Henry* ſhould be King,
Thou Prince, I Duke, as *Ieffry* is a Duke.
Lan. What ſhall your Father doe?
Io. Liue at his prayers, haue a ſufficient pention by the yere,
Repent his ſinnes becauſe his end is neere.
Glo. A gratious ſonne, a very gratious ſonne.
Kin. Will this content you? I that haue ſat ſtill,
Amaz'd to ſee my ſonnes deuoyde of ſhame;
To heare my ſubiects with rebellious tongues,
Wound the kinde boſome of their Soueraigne,
Can no more beare, but from a bleeding hart
Deliuer all my loue, for all your hate:
Will this content thee cruell *Elinor?*
Your ſauage mother, my vnciuill Queene;
The Tygreſſe that hath drunke the purple bloud,
Of three times twenty thouſand valiant men;
Waſhing her red chaps, in the weeping teares,
Of widdows, virgins, nurſes, ſucking babes.
And laſtly ſorted with her damn'd conſorts,
Entred a laborinth to murther loue.
Will this content you? ſhe ſhall be releaſt,
That ſhe may next ſeaze me ſhe moſt enuyes.
Hen. Our mothers liberty is ſome content.
Kin. What elſe would *Henry* haue? *Hen.* The Kingdome.
Kin. Peruſe this byll, draw neere let vs conferre.
Ioh. Hall be not anſwered but with Soueraignty,
For glorious is the ſway of Maieſty.
Kin. What would content you *Iohn?*
Ioh. Fiue Earledomes Sir. *Kin.* What you ſonne *Richard?*
Ric. Pardon gratious father, & th'furtheraunce for my vow
For I haue ſworne to God and all his Saints, (of penance
Theſe armes erected in rebellious brawles,
Againſt my Father and my Soueraigne,

Shall fight the battles of the Lord of hoasts,
In wrong'd Iudea and Palestina,
That shall be Richards pennance for his pride,
His bloud a satisfaction for his sinne,
His patrimony, men, munition,
And meanes to wast them into Siria.
Kin. Thou shalt haue thy desire Heroyicke Sonne,
As soone as other home-bred brawles are done.
Lan. Why weepes olde Faukenbridge?
Fau. I am almost blind, to heare sons cruell, and the fathers
Now well a neere that ere I liu'd to see, (kinde,
Such patience and so much impiety.
Glo. Brother content thee this is but the first,
Worse is a brewing, and yet not the worst.
Lei. You shall not stand to this. *Hen.* And why my Lord?
Ley. The lands of Moorton doth belong to Iohn.
Hen. What's that to me, by Acte of Parlament,
If they be mine confirm'd, he must be pleas'd.
Ioh. Be pleas'd King puppet? haue I stood for thee,
Euen in the mouth of death? open'd my armes
To sercle in seditious vgly shape?
Shooke hands with duety, bad adew to vertue,
Prophan'd all Maiesty in heauen and earth;
Writ in blacke Carracters on my white brow,
The name of rebell Iohn against his Father:
For thee, for thee, thou Ottinie of honour,
Thou worme of Maiesty, thou froth, thou puble.
And must I now be pleas'd in pease to stand,
While statutes make the owner of my land?
Glo. Good pastime good, now will the theeues fall out?
Ioh O if I doe, let me be neuer held
Royall King Henryes sonne, pardon me father,
Pull downe this rebell that hath done thee wrong.
Dicke, come and leaue his side, assayle him Lords,
Let's haue no parly but with billes and swoordes.
Ki. Peace Iohn, lay downe thy armes, heare Henry speake,
He mindes thee no such wrong.
Io. He were not best.

Hen. Why

Hen. Why hayre-brain'd brother can yee brooke no ieſt?
I doe confirme you Earle of Nottingham.
Io. And Moorton too? *Hen.* I and Moorton too.
Io. Why ſo, now once more Ile ſit downe by you.
Glo. Blow winde, the youngeſt of King Henries ſtocke,
Would fitly ſerue to make a weather-cocke.
Io. Gape earth, chailenge thine owne as Gloſter lyes,
Pitty ſuch mucke is couer'd with the skies.
Fau. Be quiet good my Lords, the Kings commaund
You ſhould be quiet, and tis very meete,
It's moſt conuenient, how ſay you Prince Richard?
Rich. It is indeed.
Fa. Why that is wiſely ſaid, you are a very kinde indifferent (man,
Mary a God and by my hollidame,
Were not I had a feeling in my head,
Or ſome ſuſpition twixt my wife and him,
I ſhould affect him more then all the world.
Glo. Take heede olde Richard, keep thee there mad lad,
My Siſter's faire, and beauty may turne bad.
Enter Robert Hood *a paper in his hand.*
Officer. Roome there, make roome for young Huntington.
Fau. A gallant youth, a proper Gentleman.
Hen. Richard I haue had wrong about his wardſhip.
Ric. You cannot right your ſelfe.
Io. He can and ſhall.
Ric. Not with your help, but honourable youth
Haue yee perform'd the buſines I enioyn'd?
Rob. I haue, and Skinke is come, heere is his bill,
Hen. No matter for his bill let him come in.
Kim. Let him not enter, his infectious breath
Will poyſon the aſſembly.
Gl. Neuer doubt, ther's more infectious breaths about your
Leyſter is there, your enuious Sonnes is there; (Throne,
If them you can endure, no poyſon feare.
Kim. Content thee Gloſter. (patient,
Glo. I muſt be content, when you that ſhould mend all are
Hen. Welcome good Skinke thou iuſtly doſt complaine,
Thou ſtandſt in dread of death for Roſamond,

Whom thou didſt poyſon at our dread commaund,
And the appointment of our gratious Mother;
See heere my Fathers hand vnto thy pardon.
Skin. I receiue it gratiouſly, wiſhing his ſoule ſweet peace,
in heauen for ſo meritorious a worke, for I feare me I haue
not his heart though his hand.
Kin. Be ſure thou haſt not, murderous bloud-ſucker,
To iealious enuy executioner.
Hen. Beſides thou ſueſt to haue ſome maintenaunce,
We haue bethought vs how wee will reward thee,
Thou ſhalt haue Rowden Lordſhip.
Gloſt. Shal he ſo? will you reward your murtherers with my
Hen. Your lands? it is our gift and he ſhall haue it. (lands
Glo. Ile giue him ſeaſure firſt with this and this. *Strike him.*
Iohn. Lay holde on *Gloſter*.
Kin. Holde that murtherous *Skinke*.
Glo. Villaines hands off, I am a Prince, a Peere,
And I haue borne diſgrace while I can beare.
Exu. Knaues leaue your rudenes, how now brother
Gloſter? nay be appeaſ'd, be patient brother.
Rich. Shift for thy ſelfe good *Skinke*, ther's golde, away:
Heere will be parts.
Skin. Swonds Ile make one and ſtay.
Iohn. I prethee be gone ſince thus it falleth out,
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt.
Skin. Well, farewell, get I once out of doore,
Skinke neuer will put truſt in warrants more. *Exit.*
Kin. Will *Gloſter* not be bridled?
Glo. Yes my Liege and ſadled too, and ryd, and ſpur'd, &
Such miſery (in your Raigne) falles your friends, (rayn'd,
Let goe my armes, you dunghyls let me ſpeake.
Kin. Wher's that knaue *Skinke*? I charge you ſee him ſtayd.
Fauk. The ſwift heel'd knaue is fled, body a me heer's rule,
Heer's worke indeed.
Kin. Follow that *Skinke*, let priuy ſearch be made,
Let not one paſſe except he be well knowne,
Let poaſtes be euery way ſent ſpeedily,
For ten miles compaſſe round about the Citty.

Hen. Take

Hen. Take *Gloſter to you* Liefetenant of the Tower,
Keep him aſide till we conferre a while,
Father you muſt ſubſcribe to his committing.
Lan. Why muſt he *Henry*? (lawes.
Ley. Mary for this cauſe, he hath broke peace and violated
Glo. So haue you all done, rebels as you be.
Fau. Good words good brother, heare me gratious Lords,
Hen. I prethee *Faukenbridge* be patient,
Gloſter muſt of force anſwere this contempt.
Kin. I will not yeeld he ſhall vnto the Tower,
Warden of th' Fleete take you the charge of *Gloſter*.
Hen. Why be it ſo, yet ſtay with him a while,
Till we take order for the company
That ſhall attend him, and reſort to him.
Glo. Warden of the Fleete I ſee I am your charge,
Befriend me thus, leaſt by theyr commaund,
I be preuented of what I intend.
Keep. Commaund me any ſeruice in my power.
Glo. I pray you call ſome nimble footed fellow,
To doe a meſſage for me to my ſiſter.
Keep. Call in *Redcap*, he waiteth with a Tipſtaffe, *Exit one*
He ſtammers, but he's ſwift and truſty Sir. *for him.*
Enter Redcap.
Glo. No matter for his ſtammering, is this he?
Red. I I am am Re Redcap ſ ſ ſir.
Glo. Run Redcap to Stepney.
Red. Ile be at Stepney p p preſently.
Glo. Nay ſtay, goe to the Lady *Faukenbridge* my ſiſter.
Red. The La La Lady *Fau Fau Faukenbreech*, I r r run ſir.
Glo. But take thy errand, tell her I am priſoner,
Committed to the Fleete.
Red. I am g g glad of th th that, my fa fa father the p p porter ſha ſhall ge ge get a ff fee by you. *Still runne.*
Glo. Stand ſtill a while, deſire her to make meanes
Vnto Prince Richard for my liberty,
At thy returne (make ſpeed) I will reward thee.
Red. I am g g gone ſi ſir.
Rich. Commend me to her gentle Huntington,

Tell her in theſe affayres Ile ſtand her friend,
Her brother ſhall not long be priſoner:
Say I will viſit her immediathe.
Be gone ſweete boy to Marian Faukenbridge,
Thou lookeſt like loue perſwade her to be louing.
Ro. So farre as honour will I will perſwade,
Ile lay loues battery to her modeſt eares,
Second my milde aſſault, you may chaunce win,
Fare parley at the leaſt, may hap paſſe in. *Exit.*
Hen. Heere take your charge, let no man ſpeake with him,
Except our ſelfe, our brethren, or Earle Leiceſter.
Fau. Not I my Lord, may not I ſpeake with him?
Hen. Yes Faukenbridge thou ſhalt.
Io. And why? he is his wiues brother.
Fau. Earle Iohn, although I be, I am true vnto the State, &
Glo. What, ſhal I haue no ſeruant of my owne? (ſo is he.
Hen. No, but the houſholde ſeruants of the Fleete.
Glo. I thanke you kinſman King, your father knowes,
Gloſter may boldelie giue a baſe ſlaue blowes.
Fau. O but not heere, it was not well done heere.
Kin. Farewell good Gloſter, you ſhall heare from vs.
Glo. Euen what your Sonnes will ſuffer you to ſend;
Iſt not a miſerie to ſee you ſtand,
That ſome time was, the Monarch of this land,
Intreating traytors for a ſubiects freedome?
Lei. Let him not ſpeake, away with him to priſon.
Glo. Heer's like to be a well ſtayd common wealth,
Where in proude Leiſter, and licentious Iohn,
Are pillers for the King to leane vpon.
Io. Wee'll heare your rayling Lecture in the Fleete.
Hen. On our diſpleaſure ſee he ſpeake no more.
Glo. On thy diſpleaſure, well yee haue me heere;
O that I were within my Fort of Bungye
Whoſe walles are waſht with the cleare ſtreames of Aueney
Then would not Gloſter paſſe a halfe-penny,
For all theſe rebels, and their poore King too.
Laughſt thou King Henry? thou knows my words are true,
God help thee good olde man, adew adew.

Ie. Th

Io. That Caſtle ſhal be mine, where ſtands it Faudenbridge
Fau. Far from your reach ſure, vnder Feckhill ridge,
Fiue hundred men (England hath few ſuch wight)
Keeps it for Gloſters vſe both day and night:
But you may eaſily winne it, wantons words
Quickly can maſter men, tongues out brawle ſwords.
Io. Yee are an Idyot.
Rich. I prethee *Iohn* forbeare.
Iob. What ſhall olde winter with his froſty ieſtes,
Croſſe flowry pleaſure?
Fau. I and nip you too, God mary mother I would tickle
Were there no more in place but I and you. (you.
Kin. Seaſe theſe contentions, forward to the Tower,
Releaſe Queene Elinor, and leaue me there
Your priſoner I am ſure, if yee had power,
Ther's nothing lets you but the Commons feare:
Keep your State Lords, we will by water goe,
Making the freſh Thames, ſalt with teares of woe.
Hen. And wee'll by land through the Citty ride,
Making the people tremble at our pride. *Exeunt with Trum-*
Enter Skinke ſolus *pets two waies.*
Skin Blacke Heath quoth he, and I were King of all Kent,
I would giue it for a commodity of Apron-ſtrings, ro
Be in my cottage agen. Princes warrants, mary Skinke
Findes them as ſure as an obligation ſeal'd with butter.
At Kings Bridge I durſt not enter a boate, through
London the ſtones were fiery, I haue had a good
Coole way through the fieldes, and in the high way
To Ratcliffe ſtands a heater: Mile-end's couered with
Who goes there, Tis for me ſure; O Kent, O Kent,
I would giue my part of all Chriſtendome to ſeele
Thee as I ſee thee. If I goe forward I am ſtayed,
If I goe backward, ther's a roge in a red cap, he's run
From S. Iohnes after me: I were beſt ſtay heere,
Leaſt if he come with hue and cry, he ſtop me yonder,
I would ſlip the coller for feare of the halter;
But heere comes my runner, and if he run for me,
His race dyes, he is as ſure dead, as if a Parlament

Of Deuils had decreed it.

Enter Redcap.

Red. Ste Ste Stepney ch: church yonder, but I haue forgot
The La La Lady Fau Fau Fau plague on her,
I mu must b backe to the Fle Fle Fleete to kn kn know it.
The la the la la Lady Fau, plague on't; G Gloster
Will go ne neere to st stab me, so for forgetting
My errand, he is such a ma ma mad Lord, the
La Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Help me deuise, vpon my life this foole is sent
From Gloster to his sister *Marian*,

Redc. I m must nee needs goe backe, the La Lady
Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. God speed good fellow.

Red. Go go god sp sp speed you sir.

Skin. Why run'st thou from me?

Red. Ma mary sir, I haue lo lost a La Ladyes name, and I am
running ba backe to se se seeke it.

Skin. What Lady? I prethee stay.

Red. Why the la Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Faukenbridge?

Red. I the f f same, ff farewell, I th th thanke you ha hartily

Skin. If thou wouldst speake with her she is in Kent,
I serue her, what's thy busines with my Lady?

Red. I sh sh should doe an errand to her f f from my Lord
Of Gloster, but a a and she be in k Kent, Ile s send it by you.

Skin. Where is my Lord?

Red. Mary p p prisoner in the Fl Fleete, a a and w would
haue her speake to P Prince R Richard for his re re re-
lease.

Skin. I haue much busines, hold ther's thy fare by water, my
Lady lyes this night.

Red. Wh wh where I pray?

Skin. At Grauesend at the Angell.

Red. Tis deuillish co co colde going by water.

Skin. Why there's my cloake and hat to keep thee warme,
Thy cap and Ierkin will serue me to ride in
By the way, thou hast winde and ty de, take Oares.

My Lady will reward thee royally.

Red. God a mercy, ffa faith and euer th thou'co co come to the Fl Fl Fleete, Ile giue the tu turning of the ke key f for n no nothing.

Skin. Hye thee, to morrow morning at Grauef-end Ile waſh thy ſtammering throate with a mug of ale merrily.

Red. God be w with you till ſſoo ſoone; what call you the Lady? O now I re remember the La Lady Fa Faukenbridge at what ſſigne?

Skin. At the Angell.

Red. A Angell, the la la Lady fa fa Fau kenbridge, Fa Fau Faukenbridge.

Skin. Farewell and bee hang'd good ſtammering ninny, I thinke I haue ſet your Redcaps heeles a running, wold your Pyanet chattering humour could as ſa ſafely ſe ſet mee fr from the ſearchers walkes. Yonder comes ſome one, hem: Skink to' your trickes this tytty tytty, a the tongue I beleeue will faile mee.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Con. Come make vp to this fellow, let th'other go, he ſeems a gentleman, what are you ſir?

Skin. Would I had kept my owne ſute, if the countenaunce carry it away.

Con. Stand ſirra, what are you?

Skin. The po po Porters Sonne of the FFl Fleete, going to Stepney about buſineſſe to the La La Lady Fa Fa Faukenbridge.

Con. Well bring him thether, ſome two or three of yee honeſt neyghbors, and ſo backe to the Fleete, we'll ſhew our ſelues dilligent aboue other Officers.

Skin. Wh wh why le le let me run I am Re Redcap.

Con. Well, ſure you ſhall now run no faſter then I lead you, heare yee neighbor Simmes, I leaue my ſtaffe with yee, bee vigilent I pray you, ſearch the ſuſpitious houſes at the townes end, this Skink's a trouncer; come, will you be gone ſir?

Skin. Yes ſir, and the deuill goe with you and them, Well, yet haue hope mad ha hart, co co come your way.

Exeunt.

Enters Robin hood and Blocke.

Blo. Sweet nobilitie in reuersion, Blocke by the commission of his head, Coniures you and withall bindes you, by all the tricks that pages passe in time of Parlament, as swearing to the pantable, crowning with Custords, paper whiffes to the sleepers noses, cutting of tagges, stealing of torches, *cum multis aliis* tell Blocke, what Blocke you haue cast in the way of my Ladies content.

Ro. Block by the antiquiuity of your ancestrie, I haue giuen your Lady not so much as the least cause of dislike, if she be displeased at any newes I bring, it's more then I must blab.

Blo. Zounds these pages be so proude, they care not for an olde Seruingman, you are a ward and so, an Earle, and no more: you disquiet our house that's the most: and I may be euen with thee that's the least.

Enter the Ladie Faukenbridge.

La. What Blocke, what Blocke I say what doe you there?

Bloc. Making the young Lord merry maddame,

La. Go attend y gate, see if you can let in more greise therat,

Blo. Zounds and greise come in there, and I see him once. Ile Coniure his gaberdine.

La. will you be gone sir?

Blo. Hem, these women, these women, and she bee not in loue eyther with Prince Richard or this lad, let blocks head be made a chopping blocke. *Exit Blocke.*

Rob. Faire Madam, what replye you to my sute,
The prince excepts smiles, welcomes, louing lookes,

La. The Prince, if he giue heed to Marrians sute,
Must heare heart-sigh's, see sorrow in my eyes,
And finde cold welcome to calamities,

Rob. And why for gods sake? *La.* Euen for Glosters sake,

Rob. why by mine honnor, and Prince Richards faith,
Your brother Gloster shall haue liberty,
Vppon condition you release a prisoner
That you haue longe held in captiuitye.

La. I haue no prisoner,

Ro. Yes a world of eies, your beuty in a willing bondage ties

La. Go to, you are dispos'd to iest my Lord,

Rob. In

Rob. In earneſt I muſt be an earneſt ſuter
To you for loue, yet you muſt be my tuter.
La. Are you in loue? *Rob.* I dearely loue Prince Richard.
La. Then doe you loue the louelieſt man aliue.
The Princelieſt perſon of King Henries ſonnes,
Rob. I like this well.
La. he is vertuous in his minde. his body faire,
His deeds are Iuſt, his ſpeaches debonaire,
Rob. Better and better ſtill.
La. Indeed he is what no body can denye.
All louely, beautie all, all Maieſtie.
Rob. Ile tell his excelence what you reporte,
No doubt he will be very thankfull, for't,
La. Nay heare you young Lord? Gods pitty ſtaye.
Rob. What haue you more in Richards praiſe to ſay?
La. I haue ſaid to much if you miſconſter me.
Dutie bids praiſe him, not vnchaſtitie.
Rob. Vnchaſtitie holy heauens forfend it,
That he or I, or you ſhould once intend it,

Enter Blocke and Richard.

Blo. They are there ſir, cloſe at it, I leaue you ſir, the more Roome the leſſe company.
Ric Drinke that, farwell,
Blo. If that ſir Richard comes, this ties, this bindes,
O golde, thy power conuerteth ſeruants mindes. *Exit.*
Rich. How now faire Maddam who hath angred you?
La. Greiſe at my brothers duraunce angers me. (you
Rich. I had thought my Ward young Huntington had vext
La. who he? alas good Gentleman he wrong'd me not.
No matter for all this, Ile tell your tale.

A noyſe within, Enter Skinke, Blocke, Conſtable.

Bls. Sir there comes no more of you in with him then the Conſtable. Zounds heares a beadroll of Billes at the gate in deed, back ye baſe
La. Now ſirra whats the matter?
Blo. Marry heares a ſtammerer taken clipping the Kings Engliſh, and the Conſtable and his watch hath brought him to you to be examin'd.

Const. No Madam wee are commaunded by the King to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tels vs, he is the Porters sonne of the Fleete, that the Earle of Gloster sent him to you.

Skin. I f f forsooth h he desire you to speake to the p Prince for him.

La. O I conceaue thee, bid him blithly fare,
Beare him this Ring in token of my care.

Skin. If I be rid of this euill Angell that haunts mee, many rings, much Fleete will Skinke come vnto.

Con. Madam, if you know this fellow we'll discharge him.

Bloc. Madam, and you be wise, trust your honest neighbors heere, let them bring this ca ca ca ca to the Fleete, and f see your ring deliuered.

Skin. A plague vpon you for a damned roge,
The Porter of the Fleete will surely know me.

La. Good neighbours bring this honest fellow thether,
Ther's for his paines a crowne, if he say true,
And for your labour ther's as much for you.

Skin. Why Ma Ma Madam, I am Re Re Redcap the Porters sonne.

La. Thou hast no wrong in this, farewell good fellow.

Skin. Best speaking to Prince Richard? no Ile try
And face out Redcap if the slaue were by.

La. Make them drinke Blocke.

Blo. Come to the Buttery bar, stitty stitty stammerer, come honest Constable, hey the watch of our towne, we'll drinke tryl till I faith.

As they goe out, enters Sir Richard Faukenbridge stealing forward, Prince and Lady talking.

Rob. Lupus in fabula my Noble Lord,
See the olde foxe Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

Rich. We'll fit him well enough, second vs Robin.

La. Ile fit you well enough for all your hope, *Fau. beckens to Blocke.*

Fau. Leaue quaffing sirra, listen to their talke.

Bloc. O while you liue beware, two are sooner seene then one: besides, beare a braine Master, if Block should be now spide, my Madam would not trust this sconce neither in time

time nor tyde.

Fau. Well leaue me, now it buds; ſee ſee, they kiſſe.

Bloc. Adew good olde ſinner, you may recouer it with a ſallet of parſly, and the hearbe patience, if not ſir you knowe the worſt, it's but euen this.

Rich. Madam, what you deſire I not deny,
But promiſe Gloſters life and liberty,
I beg but loue.

Fau. When doth ſhe giue her almes?

La. Faire honourable Prince.

Fau. Nay then they ſpeed.

La. My ſoule hath your deſerts in good eſteeme.

Fau. Witneſſe theſe goodly times that grace my head.

La. But were you the ſole Monarch of the earth,
Your power were inſufficient to inuade,
My neuer-yeelding heart of chaſtity.

Fauk. Sayſt thou ſo Mall, I promiſe thee for this,
Ile owe thy cherry lips an olde mans kiſſe;
Looke how my Cockerill droopes, tis no matter,
I like it beſt when women will not flatter.

Rich. Nay but ſweet Lady.

Rob. Nay but gracious Lord, doe not ſo much forget your Princely worth,
As to attempt vertue to vnchaſtity.

Fau. O noble youth!

Rob. Let not the Ladyes dead griefe for her brother,
Giue life to ſhameleſſe and deteſted ſinne.

Fau. Sweet childe.

Ro. Conſider that ſhe is of high decent.

Fau. Moſt vertuous Earle.

Rob. Wife to the nobleſt Knight that euer breath'd.

Fau. Now bleſſing on thee bleſſed Huntington.

Rob. And would you then firſt ſtaine your Princely ſtocke,
Wrong beauty, vertue, honor, chaſtitye,
And blemmiſh Faukenbridges vntaynted armes?

Fau. By adding hornes vnto our Falcones head,
Well thought on noble youth, twas well put in.

La. Beſides my gratious Lord.

Fa. Tickle him Mall, plague him on that side for his hot
La how euer secretly great Princes sin, desire.
Fau. Oh now the spring she'll doe it secretly.
La. The King of all harts will haue all syns knowne.
Fa. Ah then she yeilds not.
Ric. Lady heer's my hand, I did but try your honorable faith
Fau. He did but trie her, would she haue bin tride
It had grone hard on this and on this side.
Rich. And since I see your vertue so confirm'd,
as vice can haue no entraunce in your heart,
I vow in sight of heauen neuer againe,
To mooue like question but for loue,
Fau. My hart is eased, holde Blocke take vp my cloake,
Blo. And your cap to sir.
Ric. Sir Richard?
Fau. What sweet Prince welcome yfaith,
I see youth quickly get's the starte of age;
But welcome welcome and young Huntington.
Sweet Robyn hude, honors best flowring bloome,
Welcome to Faukenbridge with all my hearte,
How cheares my loue, how fares my Marrian, ha?
Be merry chucke, and Prince Richard welcome,
Let it goe Mall I knowe thy greuances.
Away away, tut let it passe sweet girle,
Wee needs must haue his helpe about the Earle.
La. Let it not be delayd deere Faukenbridge.
Rich. Sir Richard, first make sute vnto my father,
Ile follow you to Courte and second you,
Fau. Follow to Court, ha? then I smell a rat,
Its probable he'll haue about a gayne,
Long seige makes entraunce to the strongest fort,
It must not be I must not leaue him heere,
Prince Richard, if you loue my brothers good,
Lets ride back to the Courte, Ile wayte on you,
Rich. He's Ielious, but I must obserue the ryme,
We'll ride vnto the Court, Ile leaue my boy
Till we returne, are you agreed to this?

Fau. Oh I

Fau. Oh I hee is an honourable youth,
Vertuuos and modeſt, Huntingtons right heyre,
His father Gilbert was the ſmoothſt fac't Lord
That ere bare Armes in England or in Fraunce,
Rich. Solicitie Robin, Lady giue good eare,
And of your brothers freedome neuer feare,
Fau. Marrian farwell, wheres Blocke? open the gate,
Come Prince God ſend vs to proue fortunate? *Exeunt.*
La. why doe you ſtay ſir?
Rob. Madam as a Lidger to ſolicite for your abſent loue
La. Walk in the Garden I will follow you.
Ifaith Ifaith you are a noble wagge.
Rob. An honorable wag, and wagiſh Earle.
Euen what you will ſweet Lady I muſt beare,
Hoping of patience, profit will enſue.
That you will beare the Prince as I beare you.
La. Well ſaid well ſaid, Ile haue theſe toyes amended,
Goe, will you walke into the Garden ſir,
Rob. But will you promiſe me to bring no maides,
To ſet vppon my little manſhip there?
You threatned whipping, and I am in feare,
La. Vppon my word Ile bring none but my ſelfe,
Rob. You ſee I am weapned, doe not I beſeech you,
Ile ſtab them come there twenty ere they breech mee. *Exit.*
La. This youth and Richard, think me eaſily wonne,
But Marrian rather will embrace;
The bony carcaſſe of diſmaying death,
Than proue vnchaſt to Noble Faukenbridge.
Richard's king Henries ſonne, is light;
Wanton and loues not humble modeſtie,
Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)
Flatter his humor for my brothers ſafetye,
But I proteſt Ile dwel among the dead,
Ere I pollute my ſacred nuptiall bed. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter in his gowne, calling

Glo. Porter what Porter wher's this drowſie aſſe?

Enter Porter,

Por. Who calles? my Lord of Gloſter all alone?

Glo. Alone

Glo. Alone and haue your wisdomes companie,
Pray wher's the stammering chatterer your sonne?
He's euer running but he makes small haste,
Ile bring his lyther legges in better frame,
And if he serue me thus a nother time. *Knocke within.*
Harke sir your clients knocke, and't be your pye,
Let him vouchsafe to chatter vs some newes,
Tell him we daunce attendance in our chamber. *Exit porter.*
This Iohn and Henry are so full of hate,
That they will haue my head by some deuice,
Gloster hath plotted meanes for an escape,
And if it fadge, why so; if not, then well,
The way to heauen is death, this life's a hell.

Enter Porter and Skink.

Port. Why should the Watchmen come along with thee?

Skin. Ther's such a que question for yon s same r rogue Skink p plague keepe farre enough from him, that a an honest f fellow ca cannot w w walke the streetes.

Port. Well sir dispatch your busines with the Earle,
He's angry at your stay I tell ye that. *Exit.*

Skin. Sbloud what a frowne this Gloster casts at me,
I hope he meanes to lend me no more cuffes,
Such as he paide me at the Parlament.

Glo. What mutter you, what tydings from my sister?

Ski. Co commendations and s she hath s sent ye this r ring.

Glo. Hold ther's two Angels, shut the chamber doore,
You must about some busines for me straight;
Come nearer man,

Skin. I feare I am to neare,

Glo. Hast thou no tydings for my liberty?

Skin. No b but ye sh shall he heare s from her p p presently.

Glo. And p presently sit off with your coate.
Nay quicke, vncase, I am bold to borrow it,
Ile leaue my gowne, change is no robbery.
Stutterer it's so, neare flinch, ye cannot passe,
Cry, and by heauen Ile cut thy cowards throate,
Quickly cashyre your selfe, you see me staye,

Skin. N n nay, b b but wh wh what m meane ye?

Glo. To

Glo. To ſcape I hope, ſir with your priuiledge,
How now, who's this, my fine familliar Skinke?
Queene-Beldams minnion,
Skin. Zounds you ſee ti's I.
Glo. Tyme ſortes not now to know theſe miſteries.
How thou camſt by this ring, or ſtol'ſt this coate,
They are mine now in poſſeſſion, for which kindenes
If I eſcape Ile get thee Libertie,
Or fire the fleete about the Wardens eares,
Mum budgit not a word as thou loueſt thy life,
Skin. I mum mum faire, pray God may chaunce it,
My Lord, but that my ſtate is deſperate,
Ide ſee your eyes out eare I would be cheated.
Glo. Walke like an Earle villaine ſome are comming.

Enter Iohn and Porter.

Io. Where is this Gloſter?
Glo. Y y yonder he walks. Fa ſa father, I let me out.
Port. Why whether muſt you now?
Glo. To Ie Iericho I th thinke, tis ſuch a h h humorous Earle.
Port. Well ſir wilt pleaſe you haſten home againe.
Glo. I lle be h heare in a trice; b but ppraye haue ca care of th this madcap, if he g giue vs the ſſſlip, ſ ſſome of vs a are like to m make a ſſ ſlyppery occupation on't.

This while Iohn walkes and ſtalkes by Skinke, neuer a word betwene them.

Port. Looke to your buſines ſir let me alone.
Glo. Alone? neuer truſt me if I trouble thee.
Io. Mad Gloſter mute, all mirth turn'd to diſpaire?
Why now you ſee what tis to croſſe a King,
Deale againſt Princes of the Royall blood,
Youle ſnarle and rayle, but now your toung is bedry'd,
Come caper hay, ſet all at ſix and ſeauen,
What muſt thou with thought of hell or heauen?
Skin. Of neither Iohn I muſe at my diſgrace,
That I am thus kept priſoner in this place.
Io. O ſir, a number are here priſoners,
My Couſen Moorton whome I came to viſite,
But he good man is at his mortow maſſe,

But I that neither care to say nor sing,
Come to seeke that preaching hate and prayer,
And while they mumble vp their Orisons,
We'll play a game at bowles, what saist thou Gloster?
Skin. I care not if I doe, (our sportes,
Joh. You doe not care, Let olde men care for graues, we for
Off with your gowne, there lies my hatt and Cloake,
The bowles there quickly, hee?
Skin. No my gowne stirres not, it keeps sorrowe warme,
And she, and I am not to be deuorced,
Enter Porter with bowles.
Jo. Yes ther's an axe must part your head and you,
And with your head, sorrowe will leaue your heart.
But come shall I begin a pound againe,
Skin. More pounds and we thus heauy? well begin.
Joh. Rub rub rub rub.
Skin. Amen God send it short enough, and mee
A safe running with them clothes from thee.
Joh. Play Robin, run run run.
Skin. Far enough and well, flye one foote more,
Would I were halfe so far without the doore.
Enter Porter.
Joh. Now Porter whats the newes?
Por. Your Coossen Moorton humbly craues,
Leauing your game, you would come visit him,
Jo. Bowle Gloster Ile come presently.
So neere mad Robin? then haue after you,
Skin. Would I were gone, make after as you may,
Jo. Well sir tis yours, one all, throw but the Iacke
While I goe talke with Moorton: Ile not stay,
Keepe Cloake and hat in pawne Ile hould out play,
Skin. I would be sory Iohn but you should stay,
Vntill my bias run another way,
Now passe, and hey passe Skink vnto your tricks,
Tis but a chaunce at hazard: there lyes Gloster,
and I heare stands Skinke, now Iohn play thou thy part,
And if I scape Ile loue thee with my heart.
So porter let me foorth.
Enter Porter.
Por. God

Po. God bleſſe your grace, ye ſpoke with the L. Meorton,
Skin. I haue and muſt about his buſines to the Court.
It greeues me to break my ſporte with Gloſter,
The melancholy Earle is comfortleſſe,
Po. I wold your grace would comfort him from hence,
The Fleet is weary of his company, *Redcap knocks.*
Skin. Drink that, ſome knockes, I prethee let me out.
His head ſhall off ere long, neuer make doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn at the other doore.

Io. Now madcap thou winſt all, wher art thou Robyn?
Vncaſed: nay then he meanes to play in earneſt.
But whers my Cloake, my rapier, and my hatt?
I holde my birth-right to a beggers ſcrip,
The baſterd is eſcaped in my cloathes.
Tis well, he left me his to walke the ſtreets,
Ile fire the Citty but Ile finde him out,
Perchaunce he hides himſelfe to try my ſpleene,
Ile to his chamber, Gloſter? hallo Gloſter? *Exh.*

Enter Porter and Redcap.

Por. I wonder how thou camſt ſo ſtrangly chang'd?
Tis not an hower ſince thou wents from hence,
Red. By my Ch Ch Chriſtendome I ha haue not b b been h
heere this three nights, a p p plage of him, that made me ſuch
a ch chaunting, and ſſent me ſuch a Ia Ia Iaunt, blud I was ſt
ſtay'd for Skinke, that ill fa fa fac'd rogue,
Port. I pray God there be no practiſe in this change.
Now I remember theſe are Skinkes cloathes,
That he wore laſt day, at the Parlament,

Knocke, Enter at another doore, Iohn in Gloſters gowne.

Io. Porter? you Porter?
Por. Doe you not heare them knock, you muſt ſtay ſir,
Io. Bloud I could eate theſe rogues.
Red. Wh wh what raw, tis a very ha ſh mo morſell,
Ne next your he heart
Io. A plague vpon your Iaunts, what porter ſlaue?
Red. I haue been at g grauеſend ſir,
Ioh. What's that to me?
Red. And at Ca Ca Canterbury.

Io. And at the gallowes: zounds this frets my soule.

Red. But I could not f finde your ſſ ſiſter the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge.

Io. You ſtammering ſlaue hence, chat among your Dawes, Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father.

Enter Porter.

Red. My f fa father.

Io. Porter? you damned ſlaue.

Port. Iſt Midſomer doe you begin to raue?

Iob. Harke how the traytor flouts me to my teeth. I would intreat your knaueſhip let me forth, For feare I daſh your branes out with the keyes, What is become of Gloſter and my garments?

Por. Alas in your apparrell Gloſters gone, I let him out, euen now I am vndone,

Iob. It was your practiſe, and to keepe me backe You ſent Iacke Daw your ſonne with ca ca ca, To tell a ſleueles tale: lay hould on him, To Newgate with him and you tut atut, Run redcap and trudge about, Or bid your fathers porterſhip farwell. *Exeunt With Porter.*

Red. He heares a go good Ie Ie Ieſt by the L Lord to mo mocke an ape with all: my fa fa father has brought his ho ho hoges to a fa fa faire m m market. Po po porter quoth you? p po porter that will for me, and I po po porter it, let them po po poſt me to heauen in this qua quarter. But I muſt ſſ ſeeke this Gl Gl Gloſter and Sk Sk Skinke that co cony catching ra ra raſcall, a pa pa plague co co confound him. Re re redcap muſt ru run he cannot tell whe whether. *Exit*

Sound Trumpets, Enter Henry the younger, on one hand of him Queene Elinor, on the other Leycester.

Hen. Mother and Leycester adde not oyle to fire, Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot heare The number leſſe perſwaſions you inſort,

Quee. O but my ſonne thy father fauours him. Richard that vile abortiue changling brat, And Faukenbridge, are fallen at Henries feete.

They

They wooe for him, but intreat my ſonne
Gloſter may dye for this that he hath done,
Leic. If Gloſter liue thou wilt be ouerthrowne,
Quee. If Gloſter liue thy mother dies in moane,
Ley. If Gloſter liue Leyſter will flie the realme,
Quee. If Gloſter liue thy kingdome's but a dreame,
Hen. Haue I not ſworne by that eternall arme
That puts iuſt vengance ſword in Monarcks hands,
Gloſter ſhall die for his preſumption?
What needs moreconiuration gratious Mother?
And honorable Leyſter marke my words.
I haue a Bedrole of ſome threeſcore Lords,
Of Gloſters faction,
Quee. Nay of Henries faction.
Of thy falſe fathers faction, ſpeake the truth,
He is the head of factions; were he downe:
Peace, plenty, glory will impale thy crowne.
Ley. I ther's the But; whoſe hart-white if we hit,
The game is our's. Well we may rage and roue,
At Gloſter, Lancaſter, Cheſter, Faukenbridge,
But he is the vpſhot.
Quee. Yet begin with Gloſter.
Hen. The deſtenies run to the booke of Fates,
And read in neuer-changing Characters
Robert of Gloſters end he dies to day,
So fate, ſo heauen, ſo doth King Henry ſay.
Quee. Emperially reſoul'd. *Trumpets ſa off,*
Leic. The olde King comes,
Quee. Then comes Luxurious luſt,
The King of Concubines, the King that ſcornes
The vndefiled, chaſt and numptiall bed,
The King that hath his Queene Impriſoned.
For my ſake ſcorne him, ſcorne call him not father,
Giue him the ſtile of a competitor,
Hen. Pride ſeaze vppon my heart, wrath fill myne eyes,
Sit lawfull maieſtie vppon my front
Dutie flie from me, pitty bee exild,
Sences forget that I am Henries child,

Quee I kisse thee, and I blesse thee, for this thought.

Enter King, Lancaster, Richard, Faukenbridge.

Kin. O Lancaster bid Henry yeeld some reason
Why he desires so much the death of Gloster,
Hen. I heare thee Henry, and I thus reply.
I doe desire the death of Basterd Gloster,
For that he spends the Treasure of the Crowne.
I doe desire the death of basterd Gloster,
For that he doth desire to pull me downe.
Or were this false (I purpose to be plaine)
He loues thee, and for that I him disdaine.
Hen. Then thou shewest a hate corrupted mynde,
To him the more vniust, to me vnkynd,
Quee He loues you as his father lou'd his mother.
Kin. Fie, fie vpon thee hatefull Elinor.
I thought thou hadst been long since scarlet dyde,
Hen. She is and therfore cannot change her colour.
Rich. You are to strickt, Earle Glosters fault
Merrits not death,
Fau. By th'rood the Prince saies true.
Heere is a statute from the Confessor,
Hen. The Confessor was but a simple foole.
Away with bookes my word shall be a lawe,
England her breath shall from this bosome drawe,
Gloster shall die,
Ley. Let Gloster dye the death. (him and thee.
Lan. Leyster he shall not, he shall haue lawe, dispight of
Hen. What law, will you be Traitors? whats the lawe?
Ric. His right handes losse, and that is such a losse,
As England may lament, all Christians weepe.
That hand hath bin aduanst against the Moores,
Driuen out the Sarasins from Gads and Cicile,
Fought fifteene Battels vnder Christs red crosse,
And is it not (thinke you) a greeuious losse,
That for a slaue (and for no other harme)
It should be sundred from his princely Arme?
Fau. More for example Noble Lancaster, but tis great pitty,
To to great a pittie.

Hen. Ile

He. Ile haue his hand & head. *Ri.* Thou ſhalt haue mine thē.
Que. Wel ſayd ſtubberne Dicke, Iack wold not ſerue me ſo,
Were the boy heere:
Ric. Both Iohn and I haue ſeru'd your will too long;
Mother repent your cruelty and wrong:
Gloſter you know is ful of mirth and glee,
And neuer elſe did your grace merry.
Qu. Gloſter ſhal dye. *He.* Fetch him heere Ile ſee him dead.
Ric. He that ſturs for him ſhall lay downe his head.
Fau. O quiet good my Lords, patience I pray,
I thinke he comes vnſent for by my fay.

Enter Iohn in Gloſters gowne.

Ric. What meanſt thou Gloſter? *He.* Who brought Gloſter
Io. Let Gloſter hang and them that (hyther?
There lyes his caſe, a miſchiefe on his carkaſſe.
Qu. My deare ſonne Iacke? (your aſſe, your gull.
Io. Your deere ſon Iack an apes, your mōkey, your babone,
Ley. What ayles Earle Iohn? *Io.* Hence further frō my ſight,
My fiery thoughts and wrath haue worke in hand;
Ile curſe ye blacker then the Leuarnian Lake,
If you ſtand wondring at my ſorrow thus;
I am with childe, big, hugely ſwolne with rage,
Who'll play the Midwife, and my throbs aſwage?
Kin. I will my Sonne. *Hen.* I will high harted brother.
Io. You will, and you, tut, tut all you are nothing,
Twill out, twill out, my ſelfe my ſelfe can eaſe:
You chaſe, you ſwell, ye are commaunding King,
My father is your footeſtoole when he pleaſe,
Your word's a law, theſe Lordes dare neuer ſpeake,
Gloſter muſt dye, your enemies muſt fall.
Hen. What meanes our brother?
Ioh. He meanes that thou art mad ſhe franticke, Leyſter
I the babe, theſe grinde vs, bite vs, vexe vs, charge, (ſoolish
And diſcharge, Gloſter, O Gloſter!
Que. Where is Gloſter ſonne? *Hen.* Where is Glo. brother?
Kin. I hope he be eſcaped.
Io. O I could teare my hayre, & falling thus vpon the
Solide earth, dig into Gloſters graue, ſo he were dead
And gone into the depth of vnder worlds. Or

Or get seditious hundreth thousand hands,
And like Briareus, battle with the Starres,
To pull him downe from heauen if he were there,
Fau. Looke to Earle Iohn the Gentleman is mad.
Ir. O who would not be mad at this disgrace?
Gloster the fox is fled, there lies his case,
He cousned me of myne, the porter helpt him,
Hen. The porter shall be hangd let's part and seeke him,
Gloster shall dye all Europe shall not saue him.
Yo. He is wise, too wise for vs, yet Ile goe with you,
To get more fooles into my company.
Quee. This is your fathers plot, reuenge it sonne.
Hen. Father by heauen if this were your aduice,
Your head or heart shall pay the bitter price,
Come mother, Brother Leyster, lets away,
Yo. I, Ile be one, in hope to meete the basterd,
And then no more my selfe will be his headsman. *Exeunt.*
Kin. Richard and Faukenbridge follow the search,
You may preuent mischaunce by meeting Gloster,
If ye finde Skinke see that you apprehend him,
I heare there is a wizard at blacke heath,
Let some enquire of him where Skinke remaynes,
Although I trust not to those fallacies,
Yet now and then such men proue Soothsayers.
Will you be gone?
Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart my Lord,
Come Princly Richard, we are ever yoak'd.
Pray God there be no mistery in this.
Rich. Be not suspitious where there is no cause,
Fau. Nay nothing, nothing, I am but in iest. *Exeunt.*
Kin. Call in a Pursuant.
Lan. Heares one my Leidge,
Kin. There is a Porter likely to be hangd,
For letting Gloster scape, sirra attend,
You shall haue a reprieue to bring him vs,
These boys are to to stubborne Lancaster,
But tis theyr mothers fault, if thus she moue me,
Ile haue her head though all the world reproue me. *Exeunt.*

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Robin Hood and Lady Faukenbridge.

La. Doe not deny me gentle Huntington.

Rob. My Lord will misse me.

La. Tut let me excuse thee.

Rob. Turne woman, O it is intollerable!
Except you promise me to play the Page:
Doe that, try one night, and you'll laugh for euer,
To heare the Orizons that Louers vse;
Their ceremonious sighes, their idle oathes,
To heare how you are prais'd and pray'd vnto.
For you are Richards Saint, they talke of Mary
The blessed Virgin, but vpon his beades
He onely prayes to Marian Faukenbridge.

La. The more his error, but will you agree
To be the Lady Faukenbridge one day?

Rob. When ist?

La. On Munday.

Rob. Wherefore ist?

La. Nay then you doe me wrong with inquisition.
And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee.
Thou seest my husband full of iealousie;
Prince Richard in his sute importunate,
My brother Gloster threatned by young Henry;
To cleare these doubtes, I will in some disguise,
Goe to blacke Heath vnto the holy Hermit,
Whose wisedome in fore-telling things to come,
Will let me see the issue of my cares.
If destinyes ordaine me happines,
Ile chase these mistes of sorrow from my heart,
With the bright Sunne of mirth: if fate agree,
It, and my frends, must suffer misery,
Yet Ile be merry too, till mischeese come.
onely I long to knowe the worst of ill.

Rob. Ile once put on a scarlet countenaunce.

La. Be wary least ye be discouered Robyn.

Rob. Best paint me then, be sure I shall not blush.

Enter Block bleeding, Gloster with him.

Blo. Beate an Officer, Redcap Ile haue ye talkt withall,

Beate Sir Richards Porter? help Madam, help,
Glo. Peace you damned rogue.
La. Brother I pray you forbeare.
Glo. Zwonds a hundreth at my heales almoſt,
And yet the villaine ſtands on complaiment.
Bloc. A bots one you, iſt you?
Glo. Will you to the doore you foole? and bar the gate,
Holde ther's an angell for your broaken pate;
If any knocke let them not in in haſte.
Bloc. Well Ile doe as I ſee cauſe, blood thou art deare to me, but heere's a ſoueraigne plaiſter for the ſore: golde healeth wounds, golde eaſeth heartes: what can a man haue more? *Exit.*
La. Deare brother, tell vs how you made eſcape?
Glo. You ſee I am heare, but if you would knowe how:
I cannot ſcape and tell the manner too,
By this I knowe your howſe is compaſſed
With hel-hound ſearch.
La. Brother Ile furniſh you with beard & hayre, and
Garments like my husband, how like you that? *Exit. Lady*
Glo. Well, when I haue them: quicklythen diſpatch: sblood turne gray beard and hayre?
Robyn conceale, this dyeteth my minde,
Myrth is the obiect of my humorous ſpleane,
Thou high commaunding furie! further deuice,
Ieſts are conceated, I long to ſee their birth,
What come ye ſiſter? Robyn a theeues hand,
But prethee where hadſt thou this beard and haire?
La. Prince Richard wore them hether in a maſke,
Glo. Saiſt thou me ſo, faith loue the Princely youth,
Tut you muſt taſt ſtolne pleaſure now and than,
Rob. But if ſhe ſteale and Iehous eyes eſpie:
She will be ſure condemnd of Burglary,
Glo. Ha crake? can your low ſtumps venter ſo deep
Into affections ſtreame? go to you wanton,
What want we now? my nightcap, O tis heare,
So now no Gloſter, but olde Faukenbridge,

Harke

called Looke about you.

Harke, the ſearch knockes, ile let them in my ſelfe;
Welcome good fellowe; ha, what iſt you lacke?

Enter Redcap with another.

Red. Ma maſter Co conſtable, ſe ſe ſearch you th that way, a and you ho honeſt man th that way. Ile ru run th this w ay m my owne ſe ſelfe. *They diſpearſe themſelues.*

Glo. What ſearch you for? what is it you would haue?

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam, what ſhall I doe to theſe browne-bill fellowes? ſome runne into the wine ſeller, ſome heere, ſome there.

Glo. Let them alone, let them ſearch their filles.

Block. Ile looke to their fingers for all that.

Glo. Doe ſo good Blocke, be carefull honeſt Blocke.

B. Sir ſtammerer & your wa watch, y'are pa paſt ſaith. *Exit*

Gl. Will you not ſpeake knaues, tel me who you ſeeke?

Red. Ma mary ſir we ſ ſeeke a va va vacabond, a fu fugatiue, my La Ladies owne b brother; but and hee were the po po Popes owne b brother, I would ſſearch f f for him; for I haue a p poore father r ready to be ha ha hang'd f f for him.

Glo. O tis for Gloſter! mary ſearch a gods name,
Seeke peace, will he breake priſon too?
It's pitty he ſhould liue, nay I defye him.
Come looke about, ſearch euery little corner,
My ſelfe will lead the way, pray you come,
Seeke, ſeeke, and ſpare not, though it be labour loſt:
He comes not vnder my roofe, heare ye wife,
He comes not hyther, take it for a warning.

Red. You ſp ſp ſpeake like an honeſt ge ge Gentleman, re re reſt you me me mery, co co come my f f friends, I be beleeue h h he r ran by the g g garden w wall toward the wa water ſide. *Exeunt running.*

Glo. This fellow is of the humour I would chuſe my wife,
Few words and many paces, a word and a way, and ſo
Muſt I: Siſter adieu, pray you for me, Ile do the like for you.
Robin farewell, commend me to the Prince.

La. Can ye not ſtay heere ſafe?

Glo. No. Ile not trust the changing humours of olde Fauken-
Adieu yong Earle, Sister lets kisse and part; (bridge,
Tush, neere mourne, I haue a merry hart. *Exit.*

La. Farewell all comfort.

Ro. What weeping Lady?
Then I perceiue you haue forgot Blacke-heath.

La. No, there Ile learne both of his life and death.

Ro. Till Munday Madam I must take my leaue.

La. You will not misse then:

Rob. Nay, if Robin faile yee, let him haue neuer fauour of faire Lady.

La. Meane while Ile spend my time in prayers & teares,
That Gloster may escape these threatned feares. *Exit.*

Enter Skinke like Prince Iohn.

Skin. Thus iets my noble Skinke along the streetes,
To whom each bonnet vailes, and all knees bend;
And yet my noble humour is too light,
By the sixe shillings: heere are two crackt groates
To helter skelter, at some vawting house.
But who comes yonder? ha, olde Faukenbridge?
Hath a braue chaine, were Iohn and he good friends,
That chaine were mine, and should vnto Black-heath.
Ile venture, it's but tryal, lucke may fall.
Good morrow good sir Richard Faukenbridge.

Fau. Good morrow my sweet prince, harty good morrow,
This greeting wel becomes vs, marry does it,
Better iwis then strife and Iangling.
Now can I loue ye, wil ye to the Shiriffes?
Your brother Richard hath beene there this houre.

Skin. Yes I am plodding forward as you doe;
What cost your chaine? it's passing strongly wrought,
I would my Golde-smith had a patterne of it.

Fau. Tis at your graces seruice, shew it him.

Skin. Then dare ye trust me?

Fau. Who the Princely Iohn?
My Soueraignes sonne, why what a question's that?
Ile leaue you, yee may know I dare trust you.

Skin. Ile

Skr Ile bring't ye to the Shiriffes, excuſe my abſence.
Fau. I wil my noble Lord, adieu ſweet Prince. *Exit.*
Skin. Why ſo, this breakfaſt was wel fed vpon,
When Skinkes deuiſes on Blacke-heath doo faile,
This and ſuch cheates, would ſet me vnder ſaile.
Ile to the water ſide, would it were later,
For ſtil I am afraide to meete Prince Iohn.
Enter Gloſter like Faukenbridge.
But what a miſchiefe meant Faukenbridge
To come againe ſo ſoone? that way he went,
And now comes peaking; vpon my life
The buzzard hath me in ſuſpitition,
But whatſoeuer chaunce, Ile filch a ſhare.
Glo. Yonder's Prince Iohn I hope he cannot know me,
Ther's naught but Gloſter Gloſter in their mouthes;
I am halfe ſtrangled with the Garlicke breath,
Of raſcals that exclaimes as I paſſe by,
Gloſter is fled, once taken he muſt dye.
But Ile to Iohn, how does my gratious Lord?
What tattles rumour now? what newes of Gloſter?
Skin. What newes could I heare ſince you left me laſt?
Were you not heere euen now? lent me your chaine,
I thinke you dote. (pretty accident,
Glo. Sweet Prince, age, age forgets, my brothers chaine? a
Ile haue't and be but in the ſpight of Iohn.
Skin. Ther's more, and more, Ile geld it eare it go. *He breaks*
This ſame ſhal keep me in ſome Tauerne merry, *the chaine.*
Til nights blacke hand curtaine this to cleare ſky.
Fau. My ſweet Prince, I haue ſome cauſe to vſe my chaine,
Another time (when ere your Lordſhip pleaſe)
Tis at your ſeruice, ô mary God it is.
Skin. Heere palſie, take your chaine, ſtoop and be hang'd,
Yet the fiſh nibled, when ſhe might not ſwallow;
Gout I haue curtall'd what I could not borrow. *Exit.*
Glo. He's gone away in frets, would he might meete
My brother Faukenbridge in this mad moode,
There would be rare adoe; Why this fits me,
My braine flowes with freſh wit and pollicy.

But Gloſter looke about, who haue we yonder?
Another Iohn Prince, Richard and the Shiriffe?
Vpon my life, the ſlaue that had the chaine,
Was Skinke, eſcapt the Fleete by ſome mad ſleight,
Wel, farewel he, better and better ſtill,
Theſe ſeeke for me, yet I wil haue my will.
Io. Shiriffe, in any caſe be diligent.
Whoſe yonder, Faukenbridge?
Glo. How now ſweet chucke, how fares my louely Prince?
Io. What careſt thou? or wel, or ill, we craue no help of thee.
Glo. Gods mother doe you ſcorne me?
Io. Gout, what then?
Rich. Fye, leaue theſe idle braules. I prethee Iohn
Lets follow that we are inioyn'd vnto.
Glo. I mary Prince, if now you ſlip the time,
Gloſter wil ſlip away; tut though he hate me
I haue done ſeruice, I haue found him out.
Ric. A ſhame confound thee for thy treachery,
Inconſtant dotard, tymerous olde aſſe,
That ſhakes with cowardiſe not with yeares.
Glo. Goe, I haue found him, I haue winded him.
Io. O let me hug thee gentle Faukenbridge,
Forgiue my oft ill vſing of thine age,
Ile call thee Father, ile be penitent,
Bring me where Gloſter is Ile be thy ſlaue,
All that is mine, thou in reward ſhalt haue.
Glo. Soft, not too haſty, I would not be ſeene in't,
Mary a god my wife would chide me dead,
If Gloſter by my meanes ſhould looſe his head.
Princely Richard at this corner make your ſtand:
And for I know you loue my ſiſter well,
Know I am Gloſter and not Faukenbridge.
Ric. Heauen proſper thee ſweet Prince in thy eſcape.
Glo. Shiriffe, make this your quarter, make good guard,
Iohn, ſtay you heere, this way he meanes to turne,
By Thomas I lacke a ſwoord, body a me.
Io. What wouldſt thou with a ſwoord olde Faukenbridge?
Glo. O ſir to make ſhew in his defence,

For

ealled Looke about you.

For I haue left him yonder at a houſe
A friends of mine, an honeſt Cittizen.
Io. Wee'll fetch him thence.
Glo. Nay then you iniure me, ſtay till he come; he's in a ruſ-
And muſt attend me like a Seruingman. (ſet cloake
Io Holde ther's my ſwoord, and with my ſwoord my heart,
Bring him for Godſake, and for thy deſert,
My brother King and mother Queene ſhall loue thee.
Glo. Marke me good Prince, yonder away we come,
I goe afore and Gloſter followes me;
Let not the Shiriffe nor Richard meddle with vs,
Begin you firſt, ſeaze Gloſter and arreſt him;
Ile draw and lay about me heere and heere,
Be heedfull that your watchmen hurt me not,
Io. Ile hang him that doth hurt thee, prethee away,
I loue thee, but thou kilſt me with delay.
Glo. Wel keep cloſe watch, ile bring him preſently.
Io. Away then quickly.
Gl. Gloſter, cloſe maſter Shiriffe, Prince Richard,
Rt. Gloſte radieu. *Glo.* I truſt you.
Rich. By my Knight-hood Ile prooue true. *Exit Gloſter.*
Ioh. Reuenge, Ile build a Temple to your name;
And the firſt offring ſhal be Gloſters head,
Thy Alters ſhal be ſprinkled with the bloud,
Whoſe wanton current his mad humour fed;
He was a rymer and a Ridler,
A ſcoffer at my mother, prayſ'd my father,
Ile fit him now for al, eſcape and all.
Ric. Take heede ſpight burſt not in his proper gall.

Enter Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Io. How now, what way tooke Faukenbridge I wonder?
That is not Gloſter ſure that attends on him.
Fau. He came not at the Shiriffes by the morrow maſſe,
I ſought the Goldſmithes rowe and found him not;
Sirra, y'are ſure he ſent not home my chaine?
Blo. Who ſhould ſend your chaine ſir?
Fau. The Prince, prince Iohn I lent it him to day.
Io. What's this they talke?

Bloc. By

Blo. By my truth Sir, and ye lent it him, I thinke you may goe look it: for one of the Drawers of the Salutation tolde me euen now, that he had tooke vp a chamber there till euening, and then he will away to Kent.

Fau. Body of me, he meanes to spend my chaine, Come Blocke Ile to him.

Iob. Heare you Faukenbridge?

Fau. Why what a knaue art thou? younders Prince Iohn.

Bl. Then the Drawer's a knaue, he told me Prince Iohn was at the Salutation.

Jo. Wheres Gloster Faukenbridge?

Fau. Sweet Prince I knowe not.

Job. Come, iest not with me, tell me where he is?

Fau I neuer saw him since the Parlament.

Io. Impudent lyar, didst thou not euen now Say thou woldst fetch him? hadst thou not my sword?

Fau. Wert thou a King, I will not beare the lye, Thy sword? no boy, thou seest this sword is myne.

Blo. My Master a lyer? Zounds wert thou a potentate,

Fau, I scorne to weare thy armes vntutred childe, I fetch thee Gloster? shameleſſe did I see thee Since as I went this morning to the Siriffes, Thou borrowedst my gold chaine?

Io. Thy chaine?

Fau. I hope thou wilt not cheate me princkocks Iohn.

Io. Ile cheat thee of thy life if thou charge me With any chaine.

Fau. Come, let him come I pray, Ile whip yee boy, Ile teach you to out face.

Blo. Come, come, come, but one at once, ye dasterds come

Rich. Keepe the Kings peace, I see you are both deceau'd, He that was last heare, was not Faukenbridge.

Fau. They slaunder me, who sayes that I was heare?

Ric. Wee doe beleeue ye sir; nor doe you thinke My brother Iohn deceiu'd you of a chayne.

Fau. He did, I did deliuer it with this hand.

Job. Ile dye vpon the slanderer,

Fau. Let the boy come.

Blo. I

Bio. I, let him come, let him come.

Ric. Fellow, thou ſpakſt euen now, as if Prince Iohn
Had byn at ſome olde Tauerne in the towne,

Blo. I ſir, I came vp now, but from the Salutation,
And a drawer that doth not vſe to lye, tolde me
Prince Iohn hath byn there all this after noone.

Ioh. The Deuill in my likeneſſe then is there.

Fau. The Deuill in thy likeneſſe or thy ſelfe,
Had my gold chaine.

Ioh. Thou art the Deuill, for thou
Hadſt my good ſword, all theſe can witneſſe it.

Fau. Gods Mother thou belyeſt mee.

Ioh. Giue me the lye?

Rich. Nay calme this fury, lets downe to the Tauerne,
Or one, or both, theſe counterfeites are there.

Fau. I know him well enough that had my chaine,
And there be two Iohns, if I finde one there,
Ber Lady, I will lay him faſt.

Rich. It is this Skinke that mockes vs I beleeue.

Ioh. Alas poore Skink it is the Deuill Gloſter;
Who if I be ſo happy once to finde,
Ile giue contentment, to his troubled minde.

Rcih. I hope he's fat enough, and free enough:
Yet theſe conſeytes I know delight his ſoule.

Fau. Followe me Blocke, follow me honeſt Blocke.

Blo. Much follow you, I haue another peece of worke in hand; I heare ſay Redcaps father ſhall bee hanged this after noone, Ile ſee him ſlip a ſtring though I giue my ſeruice the ſlip; beſide my Lady bad me heare his examination at his death: Ile get a good place, and pen it word for word, and as I like it, ſet out a moorneſull Dittie to the tune of Labandalaſhot, or rowe wel ye Marriners, or ſomwhat as my muſe ſhall me inuoke. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter like Faukenbridge with a Purſeuant, Gloſter having a paper in his hand, the Purſeuant bare.

Glo. A charytable deed, God bleſſe the King,
He ſhall be then repreeued.

Pur. I ſir, ſome day or two, till the young King and Prince

Iohn chaunge it, especially if the good Earle bee not found which God forbid.

Glo. What house is this that wee are stept into to read this warrant in?

Pur. A Tauerne sir, the Salutation.

Glo. A Tauerne? then I will turne prodigall,
Call for a pint of Sacke good fellow.

Pur. Drawer?

Dra. Anan sir.

Glo. A pint of thy best Sacke my pretty youth.

Dra. God blesse your worship sir, ye shal haue the best in London sir.

Gl. What knowst thou me? knowst thou old Faukenbridge?
I am no Tauerne hunter I can tell thee.

Draw. But my Master hath taken many a faire pound of your man Blocke; he was heere to day sir, and fild two bottles of nippitate sacke.

Glo. Well, fill vs of your nippitate sir,
This is well chaunct, but heere ye boy?
Bring Suger in white paper, not in browne;
For in white paper I haue heere a tricke,
Shall make the Pursuant first swound, then sicke.
Thou honest fellow what's thy name?

Pur. My name is Winterborne sir.

Glo. What countryman I prethee?

Pur. Barkeshire and please ye.

Gl. How long hast thou bin sworne a messenger?

Pur. But yesterday and please your worship,
This is the First imployment I haue had.

Enter Drawer with Wine and Suger.

Glo. A good beginning, heere haue too thee fellow;
Thou art my fellow now thou seruest the King,
Nay take Suger too, Gods Lady deere,
I put it in my pocket, but it's heere:
Drinke a good draught I prethee Winterborne.

He drinkes and falles ouer the stoole.

Dra. O Lord Sir Richard, the man, the man.

Glo. What a forgetfull beast am I? peace boy,

called Looke about you.

It is his fashion euer when he drinkes.
Fellow he hath the falling sickenes,
Run fetch two cushions to rayse vp his head,
And bring a little Key to ope his teeth. *Exit Drawer.*
Pursuant your warrant and your boxe,
These must with me, the shape of Faukenbridge
Will holde no longer water heere about.
Gloster wil be a proteus euery houre,
That Elinor and Leyster, Henry, Iohn,
And all that rabble of hate louing curres,
May minister me more mirth to play vpon.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. Heer's a key sir, and one of our folke to help.
Glo. No matter for a key, help him but in,
And lay him by the fire a little while,
He'll wake immediatly, but be hart sicke,
Ther's money for a candle and thy wine,
Ile goe but vp vnto your Aldermans,
And come downe presently to comfort him. *Exeunt*
Within Ski. Drawer? what Drawer? with a vengeance Dra.
Within Dra, Speake in the Crowne there.

Enter Skinke like Prince Iohn.

Skin. They be come, the deuill crowne yee one by one,
Skinke tho'art betraide, that matter Faukenbridge
Missing some of his chaine, hath got thee dog'd.
Drawer? what Drawer?
Dra. Anan, anan sir.
Ski. Was not sir Richard Faukenbridge below?
Dra. Yes and please yee.
Skin. It does not please me wel, knowes he that I am heere?
Dra. No I protest.
Ski. Come hether sirra, I haue little money,
But ther's some few linkes of a chayne of golde:
Vpon your honesty knowes not sir Richard,
That I am heere?
Dra. No by my holydam.
Skin. Who's that was with him?
Dra. Why a Pursuant.

Skin. Where is sir Richard?

Dra. At the Aldermans.

Skin. A Pursevant and at the Aldermans.
What Pyg, or Goose, or Capon haue you kill'd,
Withing your Kitchin new?

Dra. A pyg new stickt,

Skin. Fetch me a sawcer of the bloud, quicke run; *Exit.*
Ile fit the Pursevant, and Alderman,
And Faukenbridge, if Skinke haue any wit.
Well Gloster, I did neuer loue thee yet,
But th'art the maddest Lord that ere I met,
If I scape this, and meete thee once againe,
Curse Skinke, if he dye penny in thy det.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. O my Lord the house is full of holberts, and a great many Gentlemen aske for the roome where Prince Iohn is?

Skin. Lend me thy Aprone, runne and fetch a pot from the next roome,
Betray'd, swounds betray'd, by gout, by palsie, by dropsie;
O braue boy, excellent bloud: vp, take my cloake
And my hat to thy share, when I come from Kent, ile pay
Thee like a King.

Dra. I thanke you my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn, Richard. Faukenbridge, Shiriffes and Officers.

Ski. Now fortune help or neuer: they come, and yee were a Prince as yee say ye are, yee would bee ashamed to abuse a poore seruant thus, but and if you were not of the bloud Royall, Ide breake the necke of yee downe the stayres, so would I, Ide teach you to hurt prentises.

Ri. Who hurt thee fellow?

Skin. Prince deuill or his dam, Prince Iohn they call him.

Iob. Gloster I hope.

Ri. I doubt not but it's Skinke.

Io. Where is he?

Skin. V p them stayres, take heede of him.
He's in the Crowne.

Fau. Alas poore fellow, he hath crown'd thee shrewdly.

Io. In recompence, if it be him I seeke,

Ile

Ile giue thee his whole head to tread vpon.
Follow me brother, come olde Faukenbridge,
Keep the ſtayres Shiriffes, you ſee it waxeth darke,
Take heede he ſlip not by you. *Exeunt*

Ski. Hange your ſelues, this darkenes ſhal conuay me out,
Ile ſwim the Thames, but Ile attaine Black-heath, (of doors
London farewell, curſe Iohn, raue Faukenbridge,
Skinke ſcapes you all by twy lights priuyledge.

Within. Where is he? lights, bring lights, drag out that boy.

Enter all with the boy.

Io. This is my cloke, my hat, my rapier,
And eyther it was Skinke or Gloſter.

Dra. I know not who twas ſir, he ſaid he was Prince Iohn,
he tooke away my aprone and a pottle pot with him, and al
to bloudied his head and face.

Fau. We met him, by S. Anthony, we met him.

Io. The fire of S. Anthony confound
This changing counterfeit whatſoeuer he be.

Rich. It makes me laugh at enuious greedines,
Who feedes vpon her owne harts bitternes.

Ioh. Sirra you that were borne to cry anan,
What other copeſmates haue you in the houſe?

Dra. Sir, my Maiſters geſſe be none of my copeſmates,

Io. Well your geſſe, can ye geſſe who they be?

Dra. Marry heere's a purſeuant, that this Gentleman ſir
Richard Faukenbridge left ſick euen now.

Fau. Marry of God dyd I, thou lyiug knaue?

Dra. I am a poore boy ſir, your worſhip may ſay your pleaſure, our maides haue had a foule hand with him, you ſaid he would be ſicke: ſo he is with a witneſſe.

Ioh. Looke about Faukenbridge, heere's worke for you,
You haue ſome euill Angell in your ſhape,
Goe ſirra, bring vs foorth that Purſeuant?

Enter two leading the Purſeuant ſicke.

Rich. Gloſter, thou wilt be too too venterous,
Thou dooſt delight in thoſe odde humours ſo,
That much I feare they'll be thy onerthrowe. *aſide.*

Pur. O O O not too faſt; O I am ſicke, O very ſicke.

Io. What picture of the pestilence is this?

Pur. A poore man sir, a poore man sir: downe I pray yee, I pray let me sit downe. A sir Richard, sir Richard, a good sir Richard: what haue I deseru'd to be thus dealt with all at your worships hands? a ha, ah, ah.

Fau. At my hands knaue? at my hands paltry knaue?

Dra. And I should be brought to my booke oath sir:

Wilkin. What Ieffrey?

Dra. A nan, anan.

Iob. A plague vpon your Ieffring, is your name Ieffrey?

Dra. I and't please you sir.

Rich. Why gentle Ieffrey then stay you awhile,
What can you say, if you come to your booke?

Dra. If I bee pos'd vpon a booke sir, though I bee a poore prentise, I must speake the truth, & nothing but the truth sir,

Io. And what's your truth sir?

Pur. O, O my heart.

Dra. Mary sir this Knight, this man of worship.

Fau. Well, what of me? what did my worship doe?

Dra. Mary ye came into the Bel, our roome next the Barre, with this honest man as I take it.

Fau. As thou tak'st it?

Pur. O sir tis too true, too true, too true O Lord.

Dra. And there he call'd for a pint of Sacke, as good Sacke (Ile bee pos'd vpon all the bookes that euer opened and shut) as any is in all Christendome.

Fau. Body of me, I come and call for Sacke?

Pur. O ye did, ye did, ye did, O O.

Iob. Well forward sirra.

Ric. Gloster hath done this iest.

Dra. And you call'd then for Suger sir, as good Suger and as wholsome, as euer came in any cup of Sacke: you drunke to his man, and you doe well God be thanked, but hee no sooner drunke:

Pur. But I, but I, but I, O my head, O my heart.

Rich. I cannot chuse but smile at these conseites.

Io. I am mad, and yet I must laugh at Faukenbridge: Brother, looke how sir Richard actes his rage?

Fau. I

Fau. I came? I call? the man is like to dye,
Practise by th'emasse, practise by the marry God,
Iohn loues me not, Prince Richard loues my wife,
I shall be charg'd heere, for a poysned knaue,
Practise by th'Lord, practise I see it cleare.

Pur. And more Sir Richard, O Lord O Sir Richard,

Fa. What more? what hast thou more? what practise more?

Pur. O my box, my box, with the Kings armes, O my box,
O my box, it cost me, O Lord euery penny O, my box,

Rich. And what of your box sir.

Dra. Mary sir it's lost, & tis wel knowne my Master keeps no theeues in his house, O there was none but you and he.

Fau. O then belike thou thinkest I had his box,

Pur. O sir Richard I will not, O Lord I will not charge you for all the world, but, but, but for the warrant the olde King signd to repreeue the Porter of the fleet, O God, O God!

Iob. The Porter of the Fleet, the olde king signd,

Pur. I my good Lord, oh, oh,

Io. Is he repriued then?

Pur. No my Lord, O sir Richard tooke it from me with his owne hand, O.

Fau. Heeres a deuice to bring me in contempt
With the olde King, that I euer lou'd,
Princes and Shirifte, you can witnesse with me,
That I haue bin with you, this after noone,
Onely with you, with no body but you,
And now a fellow whome the King would saue,
By a repreiue, this fellow sayes is hang'd,

Io. If thou hadst done it, Ide haue iustified it,
But Richard I conceipt this iest already,
This mad mate Skinke, this honest merry knaue,
Meeting this Pursuant, and hearing tell
He had a warrant to repreeue a slaue,
Whome we would hang: stole it away from him.
This is sure the Iest, vpon my life it is,

Pur. O but my warrant, how shall I doe? O,

Ric. But looke about you, hot braind brother Iohn,
And I beleeue you'l finde it otherwise,

Gloster

Gloster hath got the warrant in disguise,
And sau'd the fellow you so faine would hang.
Io. No, no, how say you M. Shiriffe, is he not hang'd?
Shi. My Lord, the gibbet was set vp by noone
In the olde Bayly, and I charg'd my men,
If I returne not, though it were by Toarch light,
To see him executed ere they come.
Io. I am greedy to heare newes.
Fau. Rob'd of my chaine, out-fac'd I had a swoord,
Accus'd of poysoning, cousonage, seeking bloud?
Not to be borne: it is vntollerable.
Rich. Sir Richard, I prethee haue some patience.
Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, talke not of patience,
It is intollerable, not to be borne.
Io. It is intollerable not to be borne,
A warrant brother, Faukenbridge a warrant?
Fau. I saw no warrant, I defie you all.
Io. A slaue, a Pursuant, one winter borne.
Fau. I care not for thee that winter borne.
Pur. O it is I sir, that's my warrant.
Io. Ist you? you rogue, you drunkerd; ye are cheated,
And we are cheated of the prisoner,
Out dog, dog.
Pur. O ô ô ô my Lord. *Exit and Drawer.*
Shi. Haue patience and we wil haue a priuy search.
Ioh. Goe hang ye block-heads, get ye from my sight,
O would I were a Basiliske, to kill
These gleare ey'd villaines.
Shir. Come away let's leaue him, *Exeunt Shiriffes*
We haue a warrant let him doe his worst. *and Officers.*
Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, Ile to the holy Hermit,
There shall I Knowe not onely these deceiuers,
But how my wife playes fast and loose with Richard,
Ha, I shall fit them, Ile tickle them,
Ile doo't, Ile hence, Ile to the Heath amaine, *Exit.*
Ioh. There shall I know, where this damned Gloster is,
Ile haue the Deuils rous'd to finde that Deuill,
Or else Ile coniure the olde Coniurer.

Ile

Ile to Blacke-heath, and there with friends conspire,
But Ile haue Glosters head my hearts desire.

Rich. Would mad Earle Robyn saw these humourists.
Twol'd feed him fat with Laughter; O twold fit him,
Where euer he is, I knowe the bare consaite
Is better to him than his daintiest foode,
Well, and it fits mee well, now I haue time,
To coort my Lady Faukenbridge at leysure,
Loue I emplore thy aide faire Cipria,
Thou sea-borne mother at affections ring,
Shine brightly in thy sphere, that at my starre,
My plannet thou of all lights most beautious,
Be thou to my desires Auspitious. *Exit.*

Enter Robin Hood in the Lady Faukenbridges gowne, night attire on his head.

Rob. O for this Lady, was neuer poore Gentleman troubled with Gentlewoman as I am with my selfe, my Lady Faukenbridge hath fitted me a turne, heere I am visited with sleeueles errands and with asking for this thing Madam and that thing Madam, that they make me almost mad in earnest, whoop heer's another Client.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Heer's my Lady Rawfords Page attends to speake with your Ladyship.

Rob. I pray ye bid her Lordships Page come into my Ladyship: well Robin Hood, part with these pettycoates,
And cast these loose deuices from thy backe,
Ile nere goe more vntrust, neuer bee kercheft.
Neuer haue this adoe, with what doe you lacke?

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam my Lady greets your honour kindely,
And sends you the first grapes of her young vine.

Rob I am much indepted to her honour, thers an angel for you to drinke; set them vp till after supper. Humphery, pray looke about for Blocke. Humphery? trust mee I thinke the foole be lost.

Pa. No forsooth, Madam hee's vpon the greene Iesting with a stammerer, one Redcap.

Rob. It is a lewd fellowe, pray bid him come in youth, Ile giue him his welcome at the doore: commend me to your Lady, I pray ye hartily. *Exit Page*

Humphrey, I maruell where sir Richard is so late? truely, truely hee does not as beseemes a gentleman of his calling, pray let some goe foorth to meete him on the greene, and send in that blockehead Blocke. *Exit Humphrey.*

Enter Redcap and Blocke after him.

Bloc. Wil ye tel tales ye asse, will ye?

Red. Ile te te tell your La La Lady or I would to g God we were ha hang'd else, as my fa father should haue bin.

Rob. Now what's the matter there I pray you? what company haue you there a gods name? where spend you the day I pray?

Bloc. Why where you gaue me leaue, at the gallows I was, no farther.

Red. A a and you be his La Lady, you are the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge, the Earle of glo Glosters sister.

Rob. I am so fellow.

Red. Y y your man b b Blocke heere, does no nothing but f floute m me, a and cr cries r run Re Redcap ad ff see your f father ha ha hang'd. I sh shal g go neere to m make m murder and he v vse it.

Rob. Wel sirra, leaue your mocking you were best, Ile bob your beetle head and if you mocke him.

Blo. He's run Redcap.

Red. La la law ma Madam.

Rob. Away ye saucy foole, goe waite within.

Blo. Run Redcap, run Redcap. *Exit.*

Rob. Art thou the Porters sonne, that was condemned about my brother Gloster?

Red. I g g God be with ye, I am the p p Porters son, I m must r run to ff seeke your b br brother.

Rob. Wel, drinke that fellow, if thou finde my brother bee not too violent, and Ile reward thee.

Red. I th th thanke ye h hartily, and I had not bin couſoned with Sk Skinke, I had no nee need of these la iaunts, for Gl Gloster was ſ safe enough.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Blocke and the Porter with his cloake muffled.

Blo. Ah farewel Redcap.

Red. Fa fare we wel and be ha hang. *Exit.*

Rob. You'll neuer leaue your knauery, whose there more?

Blo. One Madam that hath commendations to you from your brother.

Rob. Commest thou from Glofter? thou art welcome friend

Blo. O it's one of the kindest Ladies (though she wil now & then haue about with Block) that euer breath'd, and she had been in her mood now, Redcap would haue made her such sp sport as't a pa pa past.

Rob. Wil you make sport and see who knockes againe?

Bl. Our gates are like an Anuile, from foure to ten, nothing but knicke a knocke vpon't. *Exit.*

Rob. Wil you be gone sir? honest friend I am glad
My brother Glofter got thy liberty,
Whose flight was cause of thy captiuity:
Nor shal there be in vs such negligence,
Though thou haue lost thy Office and thy house,
But we wil see thee better farre prouided,
Than when thou wert porter in the Fleete.

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam your olde friend Prince Richard,
All alone, making mone, fetching many a greeuous grone.

Rob. Prince Richard come so late? lights to his chamber,
Sirra, in any case say I am sicke.

Blo. Very sicke, sicke and like to dye: Ile sing it and you wil.

Ro. Away ye knaue, tel him, in the morning
Ile humbly waite vpon his excellence.

Blo. That's all his desire to haue ye lowly and humble, and tis a courteous thing in a Lady. *Exit.*

Ro. Hence, or else ile set you hence: goe in good friend.
Come Lady Faukenbridge, it's time to come,
Robin can holde out no longer I see,
Hot wooers will be tempters presently. *Exit*

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

Sk. Now holy Skinke in thy religious weed,
Looke out for purchase, or thy wonted clyants:

Warrents quoth you, I was fairely warrented,
Young Robin Hood the Earle of Huntington,
Shall neuer fetch me more vnto his Prince.

Enter Ladie Faukenbridge in Merchants wiues attyre.

But *pauca verba* Skinke, a prize, a prize,
By th'mas a pretty girle, close Hermit close,
Ore-heare if thou canst, what she desires,
For so my cunning and my credit spreads.

La. See how affection armes my feeble strength,
To this so desperate iourneying all alone,
While Robin Hood young Earle of Huntington,
Playes Lady Faukenbridge for me at home.

Ski. What mistery is this? the Lady Faukenbridge,
It's she, sweet fortune thou hast sent her wel,
I will intice this morcell to my Cell:
Her husband's iealious, I will giue him cause,
As he beleeues, I hope it shall succeed;
Nay swounds it shal, she's mine in scorne of speed.

La. By this broad beaten path, it should appeare,
The holy Hermits Caue cannot be farre,
And if I erre not, this is he himselfe.

Ski. What honour'd tongue enquereth for the Hermit?

La. What honour'd tongue?

Ski. I Lady Faukenbridge,
I know ye, and I know for what you come,
For Gloster and your husbands iealousie.

La. O thou, whose eye of contemplation,
Lookes through the windows of the highest heauens,
Resolue thy Hand-maide, where Earle Gloster liues:
And whether he shall liue, and scape the hate,
Of proude young Henry and his brother Iohn?

Ski. Ile haue you first in, Ile tel you more anone.
Madam, they say bushes haue eares and eyes,
And these are matters of great secrecy:
And you'll vouchsafe enter my holy Cell,
There what you long to know, ile quickely tell.

Enter Iohn and Faukenbridge.

La. Stay heere are strangers.

Ski. A

Ski. A plague vpon them, come they in the nicke,
To hinder Raynald of his Foxes tricke?
Io. Good day olde Hermit.
Fau. So to you faire Dame.
Io. By Elinors gray eye she's faire indeed;
Sweet heart come ye for holy benizons?
Hermit hast thou good custome with such Cliants?
I cannot blame your feates, your iugling trickes,
Plague iuggle you.
La. Why curse ye sacred worth?
Fau. Ill done in sooth my Lord, very ill done,
Wrong holines: a very pretty woman.
Mocke grauity; by the masse a cherry lippe,
A it's not wel done, deride a holy Hermit?
Iohn. I haue it in my purse shall make amends.
Ski. His purse and yours, shall make me some amends,
For hindring me this morning from the Lady;
For scaring me at Tauerne yesternight,
For hauing backe your chaine, Ile fit you both.
Io. Hermit, a word.
Fau. A word with you faire mistresse.
Io. Where lye your deuils that tel all your newes?
Would you would trouble them for halfe an houre,
To know what's become of traytor Gloster,
That in my cloathes brake prison in the Fleete?
Ski. No, it was Skinke.
Io. Come olde foole yee dote.
Ski. But heare me.
Fau. Heare him Prince.
Io. Swounds who heares you? Ile make your Lady graft ye
for this worke: but to your tale sir.
Ski. Knowe thrise honour'd prince, that Skinke did couzen
Redcap of his cloathes.
Gloster did couzen Skinke, and so escapt.
Io. Well done Faukenbridge?
Fau. My Lord, he tels you true.
Io. You finde it on her lippes: but forward sir.
Ski. Twas Skinke in Glosters gowne, whome you did visit,
That

That playd at bowles and after ſtole your clothe,
While you went into the Lord Moortons chamber.
Io. This ſauors of ſome truth,
Fau. Tis very like,
Joh. Well Faukenbridge by heauen Ile tell your wife,
Fau. She'l much beleeue you: you will come?
Tell me of my wife: this euening faile me not.
My wife quoth you: Ile ſend my wife from home,
Do, tell my wife prince Iohn, by my deare mother,
Iloue her too too well to like another.
La. It ſeemes ſo ſox, O what a world is this,
There moſt ſinne raynes where leaſt ſuſpition is,
Fau. You'l come.
La. I will not faile, I warrant you,
Jo. Hermit is all this true,
Ski. Himſelfe deliuer not ſo much before ye ſleepe,
Roote me from out the borders of this Realme.
Jo. Well by your leaue ſir Richard Faukenbridge,
Hence free from feare, you'l melt you'l melt olde man,
Fau. Nay take her to you, ſhe is a ſhrow I warrant,
Ile to the holy Hermit, and inquire,
About my chaine your ſword, the Purſeuant
And other matters that I haue to aſke,
Ski. Your welcome good ſir Richard,
Io. Nay doe not ſtand on tearmes, I am fire, all life,
Nor neuer tell me that I haue a wife.
I doe not meane to marry, ye think ſo,
But to be merry, you the manner knowe.
And you will haue me, haue me, poynt a meeting,
Ile be your true loue, you ſhall be my ſweeting,
If you deny to promiſe, this is plaine
Ile haue my will eare you get home againe.
La. moſt gratious Lord.
Io. Tut tell not me of grace I like no goodnes but a beautious face.
Be therefore breefe, giue me your hand & ſweare,
Or Ile away with you into the heath,
Neither ſhall Faukenbridge nor Hermit helpe,

And what I doe Ile anſwer well enough.

La. Why, then my Lord.

Io. Nay do not ſtand on then,
But tell me when my Lord ſhall haue you Lady,
Its preſently, ile venter for a baby,

La. This night at ſtepney by my ſummer houſe,
There is a tauerne which I ſometime vſe,
When we from London come a goſſoping,
It is the Hinde,

Io. Giue me thy pretty hand.
Thou'lt meet me at the Hinde, Ile by thy Roe,

La. One word's enough,

Io. Suffice then be it ſo,

La. Ile fit my olde adulterer and your grace,
Ile ſend the Princeſſe thether in my place.
Fa. Prince Iohn, prince Iohn, the Hermit teles me wonders.
He ſayes it was Skinke that ſcapt vs at the Tauerne,
Skinke had my chaine: nay ſure that *Skinke* did all.

Skin. I ſay goe but to yonder corner,
And ere the Sun be halfe an hower higher,
Ther will the theeſe attempt a robery.

Io. Who Skinke?

Fau. Will Skinke?

Ski. I Skinke vpon my word.

Fau. Shal we goe ſeaze vpon him good Prince Iohn?

Io. Nay we will haue him that's no queſtion.
And yet not hurte the honeſt rogue,
he'll helpe vs well in queſt of changeing Gloſter,
Hermit farwell, Lady keepe your houre.

Fau. Adeiu olde Hermit: ſoone in th'euening Laſſe,

La. Ile meet you both, and meet with both of you.
Father what anſwere doe you giue to me?

Sky. Lady ſtart downe I muſt into my cell,
Where I am curing of a man late hurt,
He dreſt, I muſt vnto my Orizons,
In halfe an houre al wil be diſpatcht,
And then I will attend your Ladyſhip.

La. At your beſt leaſure father, O the life

That

That this thrise reuerend Hermit leadeth heere.
How farre remote from morall vanities,
Baites to the soule, enticements to the eye?
How farre is he vnlike my lustfull Lord?
Who being giuen himselfe to be vnchaste,
Thinke all men like himselfe, in their effects,
And iniures me, that neuer had a thought,
To wrong the sacred rytes of spotlesse faith.

Enter Skinke with a patch on his face, and a Faulconeys lure in his hand.

Ski. Hermit farewel, ile pay ye or speake with ye next time I see yee. Sweete mouse the Hermit bids you stay heere, he'll visit you anon. Now Iohn and Faukenbridge, Ile match yee, and I doe not say Skinke's a wretch, a wren, a worme, when I haue trickt them, Madam I will trimme you. Commodity is to be prefer'd before pleasure. About profit Skink, for crownes for crownes, that make the kingly thoughts.

La. I am assur'd that man's some murderer, *Exit.*
Good Father Hermit speake and comfort me,
Are ye at prayers good olde man? I pray ye speake,
What's heere a beard? a counterfeited hayre?
The Hermits portes? garments and his beades?
Iesus defend me I will fly this denne,
It's some theeues caue, no haunt for holy men.
What if the murderer, (as I ges him one)
Set on my husband, tush Prince Iohn and hee
Are able to defend them noble selues,
How eare, I will not tarry, Ile away,
Least vnto theft and rape, I proone apray. *Exit.*

Enter Skinke Solus.

Skin. Younder they are Ile fit them, heer's my ground:
Wa ha how, wa ha how, wa ha how?

Enters Faukenbridge.

Fau. I warrant ye my Lord some man's distrest.
Ioh. Why man tis a Faulconer,

Fau. Mary

Fa. Mary of me good fellow, I did think thou hadst bin robd.

Ski. Rob'd, sir no, he that comes to rob me shal haue a hard match on't, yet two good fellows had like to bin rob'd by one tall theefe, had not I stept in abots on him, I lost a hauke by him, & yet I car'd not to send another after him, so I could find the theefe; and here about he is, I know he is squatted.

Fau. Sayst thou me so? we'l finde him by S. Mary,
An honest fellow, a good common wealths man,

Io. There are caues heereabout good fellow, are there not?

Ski. Yes sir, tread the ground sir, & you shal heare their hollownes, this way sir this way.

Fo. Help Faukenbridge.

Fau. O help me good prince Iohn.

Skin. Ile helpe you both, deliuer sir deliuer, Swounds linger not: Prince Iohn put vp your purse, or ile throw poniards downe vpon your pate. Quickely, when? I am Skink that scapt ye yesternight, and fled the Fleete in your cloake, carrying mee cleane out of winde and raine. I broke the bonds and linkes that fettered your chaine amity, this cheate is mine: Farewel I cannot stay, sweet Prince, olde Knight, I thanke ye for this pray.

Fau. Gods mary mother, heer's a iest indeed,
We came to take, a theefe takes vs:
Where are ye good my Lord?

Io. No matter where, I thinke I was fore-spoken at ỹ teate,
This damn'd rogue seru'd me thus? Gloster and he
Vpon my life conclude in villany.
He was not wont to plot these stratagems,
Lend me your hand a little, come away,
Let's to the Cell againe, perchaunce the Hermit
Is Skinke, and theefe, and Hermit al in one.

Fau. Mary a God then ten to one its so,
Wel thought on Princely Iohn,
He had my chayne, no doubt he had your swoord.

Ioh. If there be now no Hermit at the Cel,
Ile sweare by al the Saints its none but he. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster in the Hermits gowne, putting on the beard.

Glo. This accident hath hit thy humour Gloſter,
From purſeuant ile turne a Hermit now.
Sure he that keeps this Cell is a counterfeit,
Elſe what does he heere with falſe hayre and beard?
Well how ſo eare it be, Ile ſeeme to be
The holy Hermit: for ſuch fame there is,
Of one accounted reuerend on this heath.

Enter Skinke.

Ski. Ile faine vnto my cell, to my faire Lady,
But Iohn and Faukenbridge are at my heeles,
And ſome od mate is got into my gowne,
And walks deuoutly like my counterfeite,
I cannot ſtay to queſtion with you now,
I haue another gowne, and all things fit,
Theſe gueſts once rid, new mate? Ile bum, Ile marke you.

Gl. What's he a gods name? he is quickly gone,
I am for him, were he Robin-good fellow,
Whoſe yonder the Prince Iohn and Faukenbridge?
I thinke they haunt me like my *genii*,
One good the other ill, by th'mas they prye
And looke vppon me but ſuſpitiouſly.

Io. This is not Skinke, the Hermit is not *Skinke*:
He is a learned reuerend holy man.

Fau. He is he is a very godly man,
I warrant ye, he's at his booke at's prayers,
Wee ſhould haue tooke you, by my hollydam
Euen for a very theeſe. (me ſo,

Glo. Now God forſend ſuch noblemen as you ſhould geſſe
I neuer gaue ſuch cauſe for ought I knowe.

Iob. Yet thou didſt tell vs Skinke ſhould doe a roberye,
Appoynted vs the place, and there we found him,

Fau. And he felt vs, for he hath rob'd vs both.

Glo. He's a lewd fellow, but he ſhall be taken.

Io. I had rather heere of Gloſter then of him.

Glo Gloſter did cheat him, of the ſame golde chaine,
That deceiu'd Sir Richard Faukenbridge.
He got your ſword Prince Iohn: twa's he that ſaude
The porter, and beguil'd the Purſeuant,

Iob. A vengaunce on him.

Glo. Doo not curſſe good Prince, he's bad enough, twere better pray for him.

Io. Ile kill thee, and thou bid me pray for him,
Ile ſell woods, and ring thee round with fire,
Make thee an offring vnto fierce reuenge,
If thou haue but a thought to pray for him.

Glo. I am bound to pray for all men, chefely chriſtians,

Iob. Ha ha, for chriſtians, thinkſt thou he is one?
For men: haſt thou opinion he is a man?
He that changes himſelfe to ſundry ſhapes,
Is he a chriſtian? can he be a man?
O, Irreligious thoughts,

Glo. Why worthy Prince I ſaw him chriſtened, dept into

Io. Then nyne times like the northen laplanders, (the font
He backward circled the ſacred Font,
And nyne times backward ſayd his Oriſons,
As often curſt the glorious hoaſt of heauen,
As many times inuocke the fiends of hell,
And ſo turn'd witch, for Gloſter is a witch.

Glo. Haue patient Gentle Prince, he ſhall appeare,
Before your Kingly father ſpeedily.

Io. Shall he indeed? ſweet comfort kiſſe thy cheeke,
Peace circle in thy aged honoured head,
When he is taken: Hermit I protteſt
Ile build thee vp a chappell and a ſhrine:
Ile haue thee worſhipt, as a man deuine,
Aſſure he ſhall come, and Skinke ſhall come.

Glo. I that ſame Skinke, I prethee ſend that Skinke,

Iob. Send both, and both as priſoners crimminate
Shall forfeite their laſt liues to Englands ſtate,
Which way will Faukenbridge?

Fau. Ouer the water, and ſo with al ſpeed I may to Stepney

Io. I muſt to Stepney too, and reuile, and be blith,
Olde winke at my mirth, t'may make amends,
So thou, and I, and our friends, may be friends,

Fau. With all my heart, with all my heart Prince,
Olde Faukenbridge will waite vppon your grace,

Be good to Gloſter for my Marrians ſake,
And me and myne you ſhall your ſeruants make,
Glo. Of that anon my pleaſure being ſeru'd,
Gloſter ſhall haue what Gloſter hath deſeru'd.
Fau. Why, that's well ſaid, adew good honeſt Hermit, *Exit.*
Io. Hermit farwell, if I had my deſire,
Ile make the world thy wonderous deeds admire, *Exit.*
Glo. Still good, ſtill paſſing good, Gloſter is ſtill
Henryes true hate, foe to Iohns froward will.
No more of that for them in better tyme,
If this ſame Hermit be an honeſt man,
He will protect me by this ſimple life,
If not I care not, Ile be euer Gloſter,
Make him my foot ſtole if he be a ſlaue,
For Baſeneſſe ouer worth can haue no power.
Robin be thinke thee, thou art come from Kings,
Then ſcorne to be ſlaue to vnderlings,
Looke well about thee Lad and thou ſhalt ſee,
Them burſt in enuy that would iniure thee.
Hermit Ile meet you in your Hermits gowne,
Honeſt, Ile loue you: worſe, Ile knocke you downe. *Exit.*

Enter Prince Richard with muſicke.

Kinde friends, wee haue troubled Lady Faukenbridge,
And eyther ſhe's not willing to be ſeene,
Or els not well: or with our boldneſſe greeu'd,
To eaſe theſe I haue brought you to this window,
Knowing your are in muſicke excellent,
I haue pend a ditty heere: and I deſire
You would ſing it for her loue and my content.
Muſi. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Robin Hood like the Lady.

Rob. Your excellence forgets your Princely worth,
If I may humbly craue it at your hands,
Let me deſire this muſicke be diſmiſt,
Ric. For beare I pray and with draw your ſelues.
Be not offended gratious Marrian, *Exeunt Muſicke.*
Vnder the vpper heauen, nine goodly ſpheres,

Turne

Turne with a motion euer muſicall,
In Pallaces of Kings, meliodious ſounds,
Offer pleaſures to ther ſoueraignes eares.
In Temples, milke white clothed queriſtors,
Sing ſacred Anthemes bowing to the ſhrine,
And in the feelds whole quires of winged clarkes,
Salutes the morning bright and Chriſtaline,
Then blame not me; you are my heauen, my Queene,
My ſaint, my comfort, brighter then the morne,
To you all muſicke, and all praiſe is due.
For your delight you for delight was borne,
The world wold haue no mirth, no ioy, no day,
If from the world your beautie were away.
Rob. Fie on loues blaſphemie and forgery,
To call that in, thats onely miſery,
I that am wedded to ſuſpitious age,
Solicited by your laſciuious youth,
I that haue one poore comforte liuing,
Gloſter my brother, my hie harted brother,
He flies for feare, leaſt he ſhould faint and fall
Into the hands of hate tirannicall.
Ric. What would you I ſhould doe?
Rob. I would full faine, my brother Gloſter had his peace againe.
Ric, Shall loue be my reward if I doe bring
A certaine token of his good eſtate,
And after pacyfie my brothers wrath?
Say you'l loue, we'l be fortunate,
Rob. I will.
Rich. No more, I vow to dye vnbleſt
If I performe not this inpoſed queſt,
But one word Madam pray can you tell,
Where Huntington my ward is?
Rob. I was bold to ſend yong Robin Hood your noble ward
Vpon ſome buſines of import for me.
Ri. I am glad he is imployde in your affayres,
Farewell kinde faire, let one cloudy frowne
Shaddow the bright ſunne of thy beauties light.

Be confident in this, ile finde thy brother,
Rayſe power but we'l haue peace, onely performe
Your gratious promiſe at my backe returne.
Rob. Wel, heer's my hand, Prince Richard that ſame night
Which ſecondeth the day of your returne,
Ile be your bedfellow, and from that houre
Forſweare the loathed bed of Faukenbridge:
Be ſpeedy therefore, as you hope to ſpeed.
Ric. O that I were as large wing'd as the winde,
Then ſhould you ſee my expeditious will:
My moſt deſire, adew, gueſſe by my haſte,
Of your ſweet promiſe the delicious taſte. *Exit.*
Rob. Why ſo: I am rid of him by this deuiſe,
He would elſe haue tyred me with his ſighes and ſongs,

Enter Blocke.

But now I ſhall haue eaſe, heere coines the Saint,
To whom ſuch ſute was made.
Bl. My Lady Gentlewoman is eue n heere in her priuitye walke, Madam heer's the Marchants wife was heere yeſterday would ſpeake with yee; O I was ſomewhat bolde to bring her in.
Ro. Wel leaue vs ſir; y'are welcome gentlewoman.
Blo. Theſe women haue no liberality in the world in them, I neuer let in man to my Lady, but I am rewarded.
Rob. Pleaſe ye to walke ſir? wherfore mumble ye?
La. Robin what newes? how haſt thou done this night?
Ro. My Ladiſhip hath done my part, my taske,
Lyne all alone for lacke of company,
I might haue had Prince Richard,
La. Was he heere?
Rob. He went away but now; I haue bin lou'd & wood too (ſimply,
God rid me of the woman once againe,
Ile not be tempted ſo for all the world,
Come, wil you to your chamber and vncaſe?
La. Nay keep my habit yet a little while,
Olde Faukenbridge is almoſt at the gate,
I met him at Black heath iuſt at the Hermits,
And taking me to be a Merchants wife,

Fell

Fell mightily in loue, gaue me his ring,
Made me protest that I would meete him heere.
I tolde him of his Lady, O tut quoth he,
Ile shake her vp, ile packe her out of sight,
He comes kinde Robin Hood, holde vp the iest.

Enter Sir Rich. Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Fau. Gods mary knaue, how long hath she bin heere?
Blo. Sir she came but euen in afore you.
Fa. A cunning queane, a very cunning queane,
Go to your busines Block, ile meete with her. (wards, *Exit.*
Blo. Ah old Muttonmounger I beleeue heer's worke to-
Fau. Doe not beleeue her Mall, doe not beleeue her:
I onely spake a word or two in iest,
But would not for the world haue bin so mad,
Doe not beleeue her Mall, doe not beleeue her:
Rob. What should I not beleeue? what doe you meane?
La. Why good Sir Richard, let me speake with you,
Alas wil you vndoe me? wil you shame me?
Is this your promise? came I heere for this?
To be a laughing stocke vnto your Lady
Rob. How now Sir Richard, what's the matter there?
Fa. Ile talke with you anon, come hyther woman?
Didst not tel my wife what match we made: ?
La. I tel your wife? thinke ye I am such a beast?
Now God forgiue ye, I am quite vndone.
Fau. Peace duck, peace ducke, I warrant al is wel.
Rob. What's the matter? I pray ye sir Richard tell me?
Fau. Mary Mall thus, about some twelue monthes since,
Your brother Gloster, that mad prodigall,
Caus'd me to passe my word vnto her husband,
For some two thousand pound: or more perchaunce,
No matter what it is, you shall not know,
Nay ye shal neuer aske to know.
Rob. And what of this?
Fau. Mary the man's decayde,
And I beleeue a little thing would please her;
A very little thing, a thing of nothing.
Goe in good Mall, and leaue vs two alone,

Ile

Ile deale with ye as ſimply as I can.
La. Fox looke about ye, ye are caught yfaith.
Rob. Deale with her ſimply, ô ho; what kinde of dealing?
Can ye not deale with her and I be by?
Fau. Mary a God, what are ye iealous?
Ye teach me what to doe: in, get you in.
O I haue heard Prince Richard was your gueſt,
How dealt you than? In get you in I ſay,
Muſt I take care about your brothers debts,
And you ſtand croſſing me, in, or ile ſend you in. *Exit Robin.*
Ha ſirra, you'l be matter, you'l weare the yellow,
You'l be an ouer-ſeer: mary ſhal yee.
La. Ye are too curſt (me thinkes ſir) to your Lady;
Fau. Ah wench content thee, I muſt beare her hard,
Elſe ſhe'l be prining into my dalliances:
I am an olde man ſweet girle I muſt be merry,
All ſteele, al ſpright, keep in health by change,
Men may be wanton, wowen muſt not range.
La. You haue giuen good counſel ſir, ile repent me,
Heer's your ring, ile onely loue my husband.
Fau. I meane not ſo, I thinke to day thou toldes me
Thy husband was an vnthrift, and a bankrout,
And he be ſo, tut thou haſt fauour ſtore,
Let the knaue beg, beauty cannot be poore.
La Indeed my husband is a bankrout,
Of faith, of leue, of ſhame, of chaſtity,
Dotes vpon other women more then me.
Fau. Ha doe he ſo? then giue him tit for tat,
Haue one ſo young and faire, and loues another,
He's worthy to be coockolded by the maſſe.
What is he olde or young?
La. About your age.
Fa. An old knaue and cannot be content with ſuch a peate,
Come to my cloſet girle, make much of me,
We'll appoint a meeting place ſome twiſe a weake,
And ile maintaine thee like a Lady, ha?
La. O but you'll forget me preſently,
When you looke well vpon your Ladies beauty.

Fau. Who

Fau. Who vpon her? why ſhe is a very dowdy,
A diſhclout, a foule lipſie vnto thee,
Come to my cloſſet laſſe, there take thy earneſt
Of loue, of pleaſure and good maintenaunce.
La. I am very fearefull.
Fau. Come foole neuer feare I am Lord heare, who ſhall
diſturb as then?
Nay come, or by the rood Ile make you come,
La. Help Madam Faukenbridge for gods ſake.

Enter Robin Hood and Blocke.

Fau. How now, what meanſt?
La. Help Gentle Madam help,
Rob. How now what aylſt thou?
Bloc. Nay and't be a woman, nere feare my maſter Madam
La. Why ſpeakſt thou not, what aylſt thou?
Fau. Why nothing, by the rood nothing ſhe ayls,
La. O Madam this vile man would haue abuſed me,
And forceſt me to his cloſſet,
Rob. Ah olde cole, now looke about, you are catcht,
La. Call in your fellowes blocke,
Fa. Doe not thou knaue,
La. Doe or Ile cracke your crowne,
Blo. Nay Ile doo't, I knowe ſhe meanes to ſhame you. *Exit.*
Fau. Why Mall wilt thou beleeue this paultrie woman?
Huſwife Ile haue you whipt for ſlaundring me.
Ro. What Leacher, no ſhe is an honeſt woman,
Her husband's well knowne, all the houſhold knowes.
Blo. Heer's ſome now, to tell all the towne your mynd,
La. Before ye all I muſt ſure complaine,
You ſee this wicked man, and ye all knowe
How oft he hath byn Iealous of my life,
Suſpecting falſhood being falſe himſelfe,
Blo. O maiſter, O maiſter,
Fau. She ſlaunders me. ſhe is a couſoning queane.
Fetch me the Conſtable, Ile haue her puniſht,
La. The Conſtable for me fie, fie vpon ye.
Madam do you know this ring?
Rob. It is ſir Richards.

Bla. O I, that's my masters too sure.
Fau. I mary, I did lend it to the false drab
To fetch some money for that bankrout knaue
Her husband, that lyes prisoner in the Fleete.
La. My husband bankrout? my husband in the Fleete prisoner?
No, no, he is as good a man as you.
Rob. I that he is, and can spend pound for pound
With thee yfaith, wert richer then thou art,
I know the gentleman.
La. Nay Madam he is hard by, there must be Reuelles at the Hinde to night;
Your copesmate there, Prince Iohn.
Rob. Ther's a hot youth.
Bl. O, a fierce Gentleman.
La. He was fierce as you, but I haue matcht him,
The Princesse shall be there in my attyre.
Fau. A plaguy crafty queane, mary a God
I see Prince Iohn, coorted as well as I,
And since he shal be mockt as well as I,
Its some contentment.
Bl. Masse he droopes, fellow Humphrey, he is almost taken,
Looke about ye old Richard?
Fau. Hence knaues, get in a little, prethee Mall
Let thou and I and she, shut vp this matter.
Rob. Away sirs, get in.
Bl. Come, come let's goe, he wil be baited now, farewel old Richard. *Exit*
Rob. Now sir, what say you now?
Fa. Mary sweet Mall I say I met this woman, likt her, lou'd her,
For she is worthy loue I promise thee;
I say I coorted her: tut make no braule
Twixt thou and I, we'l haue amends for all.
Ro. Had I done such a tricke, what then? what then?
Fau. Ah prethee Mall, tut beare with men.
Rob. I, we must beare with you; you'l be excus'd,
When women vndeserued are abus'd.
Fau. Nay doe not weep, pardon me gentle Lady,
I know thee vertuous, and I doo protest,
Neuer to haue an euill thought of thee.

Rob. I

called I ooke about you.

Rob. I, I, ye sweare, who's that that will beleeue ye?

Fau. Now by my holydam and honest faith,
This Gentlewoman shall witnes what I sweare.
Sweet Ducke a little help me?

La. Trust him Madam.

Fau. I will be kinde, credulous, constant euer,
Doe what thou wilt, ile be suspitious neuer.

Ro. For which I thanke noble Faukenbridge.

Fau. Body of me who's this? yong Huntington?

La. And I your Lady whome you coorted last.
Ye lookt about you ilt, foxe we haue caught ye,
I met ye at Blacke heath, and ye were hot.

Fau. I knew thee Mall, now by my sword I knew thee,
I winkt at all, I laught at euery ieft.

Rob. I, he did winke, the blinde man had an eye,

Fa. Peace Robin, thou't once be a man as I,

La. Well, I must beare it all.

Fa. come, & ye beare, its but your office, come forget sweet
(Mall.

La. I doe forgiue it and forget it sir.

Fa. Why that's well said, that's done like a good girle:
Ha sirra, ha you matcht me pretty Earle?

Rob. I haue, ye see sir I must vnto Blacke heath,
In quest of Richard, whom I sent to seeke
Earle Glofter out, I know he's at the Hermits;
Lend me your Coach; Ile shift me as I ride,
Farewell sir Richard. *Exit.*

Fau. Farewell Englands pride, by the mattins Mall it is a
pretty childe;
Shall we goe meete Iohn? shall we goe mocke the Prince?

La. We will,

Fa. O then we shall haue sport anon,
Neuer weare yellow Mall, twas but a tricke,
Olde Faukenbridge will still be a mad Dicke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Reacap *and Glofter.*

Red. Doe ye ſſ say fa fa father Hermit, th that Gl Glofter is
about this Heath?

Glo. He is vpon this Heath Sonne looke about it,
Run but the compasse, thou shalt finde him out,

Red. R r run? ile r run the co compaſſe of all k Kent but Ile f finde him out, my ffather (where ere hee layes his head) dare ne neuer co come home I know, t till hee bee ſo ſo found.

Gl. Wel thou ſhalt find him, knowſt thou who's a hunting?

Red. M m mary tis the Earles of La La Lancaſter and Le Leyſter. Fa fa farewell f father, and I finde Skink or Glo Gloſter, Ile g g giue thee the pr priſe of a penny p p pudding for thy p paines.

Glo. Adew good friend: this is ſure the fellow
I ſent on meſſage from the Parlament.
The Porters ſonne, he's ſtill in queſt of me,
And Skinke that couſoned him of his red cap.

Enter Richard like a Seruing man.

But looke about thee Gloſter, who comes yonder?
O a plaine ſeruingman, & yet perhaps his bags are lyn'd,
And my purſſe now growes thin: if he haue any I muſt ſhare (with him.

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

And who's on yond ſide? O it is my Hermit,
Hath got his other ſute ſince I went foorth.

Sk. Sbloud yonder's company, ile backe againe,
Elſe I would be with you counterfeite,
Ile leaue the rogue till opportunity,
But neuer eate till I haue quit my wrong. *Exit*

Ric. I ſaw two men attend like holy Hermits,
One's ſl pt away, the other at his beades,
Now Richard for the loue of Marian,
Make thy inquiry where mad Gloſter liues.
If England or the verge of Scotland holde him,
Ile ſeeke him thus diſguiſ'd: if he be paſt
To any forraigne part; ile follow him.
Loue thou art Lord of hearts, thy lawes are ſweet,
In euery troubled way, thou guidſt our feete.
Louers inioyn'd to paſſe the daungerous Sea
Of big ſwolne ſorrow, in the Barke affection;
The windes and waues of woe need neuer feare,
While Loue, the helme doth like a Pylate ſteare.

Glo. Heer's ſome louer come, a miſchiefe on him,

I know not how to answere these mad fooles,
But ile be briefe, ile marre the Hermits tale;
Off gowne, holde Buckler, slice it bilbowe blade.
Ric. What's this? what should this meane? old man, good friend
Glo. Young foole deliuer else see your end.
Ric. I thought thou hadst been holy and a Hermit.
Glo. What ere you thought, your purse? come quickly sir?
Cast that vpon the ground, and then conferre.
Ric. There it is.
Glo. Falles it so heauy? then my heart is light.
Ric. Thou't haue a hea.. heart before thou touch it,
Theft shrinde in holy weedes? stand to't y'are best.
Glo. And if I doe not, seeing such a pray,
Let this be to me a disaster day.
Ric. Art thou content to breath? *Fight & part once or twise*
Glo. With al my heart, take halfe thy money & we'l friendly part.
Ric. I will not cherish theft.
Glo. Then I defye thee. *Fight againe and breath.*
Ric. Alas for pitty, that so stout a man,
So reuerend in aspect, should take this course.
Glo. This is no common man with whom I fight,
And if he be he is of wondrous spright,
Shall we part stakes?
Ric. Fellow take the purse vpon condition thou wilt follow me?
Glo. What waite on you? weare a turn'd Liuery?
Whose man's your master? If I be your man,
My mans mans office will be excellent:
There lyes your purse againe, win it and weare it. *Fight*
Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.
Rob. Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther?
Bickring vpon Blacke-heath, well said olde man,
Ile take thy side, the yonger hath the oddes.
Stay, end your quarrell, or I promise ye
Ile take the olde mans part.
Ric. You were not wont yong Huntington, stil on Richards side
Rob. Pardon gratious Prince I knew ye not.
Gl. Prince Richard: then lye enuy at his foote,
Pardon thy cousen Gloster, valiant Lord,

I knew no common force confronted myne,
O heauen I had the like conſeite of thine.
Ric. I tell thee Robin Gloſter thou art met,
Bringing ſuch comfort vnto Richards heart,
As in the foyle of warre when duſt and ſweat,
The thirſt of weake, and the Sunnes fiery heate,
Haue ſeazd vppon the ſoule of valiaunce,
And he muſt faint except he be refreſht.
To me thou comſt as if to him ſhould come,
A perry from the North, whoſe froſtie breath
Might fan him coolneſſe in that doubt of death.
With me then meets, as he a ſpring might meet,
Cooling the earth vnder his toyle partcht feet,
Whoſe chriſtall moyſture in his Helmit taine,
Comforts his ſpyrits, makes him ſtrong againe.
Glo. Prince, in ſhort termes if you haue brought me com-
Know if I had my pardon in this hand fort
That ſmit baſe Skinke in open Parlament,
I would not come to Court, till the high feaſt
Of your proud brothers birth day be expyred,
For as the olde King as he made a vow
At his vnluckie Coronation,
Muſt waite vpon the boy and fill his cuppe,
And all the Peeres muſt kneele while Henry kneeles
Vnto his cradle; he ſhall hang me vp,
Eare I commit that vile Idolatrie.
But when the feaſt is paſt if you'll befriend me,
Ile come and braue my proud foes to their teeth,
Ric. Come Robin, and if my brothers grace denye,
Ile take thy parte, them and their threates defye,
Glo. Gramercy princly Dicke,
Rob. I haue ſome power, I can rayſe two thouſand Soldiers
in an hower,
Glo. Gramercy Robin, gramercy little wag,
Prince Richard, pray let Huntington
Carry my ſiſter Faukenbridge this ring,
Ric. Ile carry it my ſelfe, but I had rather
Had thy kinde company, then might'ſt haue mou'd

Thy

called Looke about you.

Thy Sister, whome I long haue vainely lou'd,
Glo. I like her that she shunes temptation
Prince Richard, but I beare with doting louers,
I should not take it well, that you vrge me
To such an office: but I beare with you,
Loue's blind and mad, hie to her boldly, try her;
But if I know she yeeld, faith Ile defie her,
Ric. I like thy honorable resolution,
Gloster I pray thee pardon my intreate,
Glo. its mens custome; part part Gentle Prince,
Farwell good Robin this gold I will borrow,
Meet you at Stepney pay you all to morrow,
Rob. A dew Gloster,
Gl. Farwell, be short; you gone, I hope to haue a little sport
Ric. Take heed mad Cuz. *Exeunt.*
Glo. Tut tell not me of heed,
He that's too wray neuer hath good speed
Hollowing within, Enter Lanc. with a broken staffe in his hand.
Whose this old Lancaster my honoured frend?
Lan. These knaues haue seru'd me well, left me alone,
I haue hunted fairely, lost my purse, my chaine,
My Iewels, and bin bangd by a bold knaue,
Clad in a Hermits gowne like an olde man,
O what a world is this? *Glo.* Is ill my Lord.
Lan. Hee's come againe, O knaue tis the worse for thee,
Keepe from me, be content with that thou hast,
And see thou flie this heath, for if I take thee,
Ile make thee to all theeues aspectacle,
Had my staffe held, thou hadst not scaped me so,
But come not neare me, follow not thou art best,
Holla. Earle Leyster, holla Huntsman hoe?
Glo. Vpon my life, old Lancaster a Hunting,
Hath met my fellow Hermit, could I meet him,
Ide play rob theefe, at least part stakes with him.
Skin. Zounds he is yonder alone,
Enter Redcap *with a cudgell.*
Skinke now reuenge thy selfe on yonder slaue,
Znayles still preuented this same Redcap rogue

Runs

Runs like hob-goblin vp and downe the heath.

Red. Wh wh wh whope He Hermit, ye ha ha ma ma made Re Redcap run a fine co co compasse, ha haue you not?

Ski. I made thee run?

Glo. Younders my euill Angell, were redcap gone, Gloster would coniure him.

Red. Ie Ie Iesus bl blesse me, whop to to two Hermits? Ile ca ca caperclaw to to tone of yee, for mo mo mocking me, and I d d doo not ha ha hang me: wh wh which is the fa fa false k k k knaue? for I am ff sure the olde He He Hermit two would neuer mo mocke an honest man.

Glo. he is the counterfet he mockt thee fellow.
I did not see thee in my life before,
He weares my garments, and has coussoned me,

Red. Haue you co co cousoned the he Hermit and m made Redcap run to no pu pu purpose?

Ski. No he's counterfet I will tell no lyes,
As sure as Skinke deceiu'd thee of thy clothes,
Sent thee to Kent, gaue thee thy fare by water,
So sure hee's false, and I the perfet Hermit,

Glo. This villaine is a coniurer I doubt,
Were he the deuill yet I would not budge,

Red. Si si sirra, you are the co counterfeite, O this is the tr tr true He Hermit, sta sta stand still g good man at that, ile bu bumbast you y faith, ile make you g giue the olde m m man his gowne.

Offers to strike, Gloster trippes vp his heeles, shifts Skinke into his place.

G g gods lid are ye go good at that? ile cu cudgell yee ff for this tr tr tricke.

Ski. It was not I twas he that cast thee downe,

Red. You li li li lye you ra ra rascall you, I le left ye st standing he heare.

Ski. Zounds hold you stammerer, or Ile cut your stumps.

Gl. He's for me he's weapon'd, I like that.

Red. O heer's a ro ro rogue in ca ca carnat, help, mu murder murder.

Enter Lancaster & Huntsmen at one doore, Leyster & Huntsmen at another.

Lan. Lay

Lan. Lay holde vpon that theeuiſh counterfeit,
Ley. Why heares another Hermit Lancaſter:
Glo. I am the Hermit ſir, that wretched man
Doth many a robberie in my diſguiſe:
Skin. Its he that robs, he ſlaunders me, he lies,
Lan. Which ſet on thee?
Red. Th this ſt fellow has a ſſſword and a buckler.
Lan. Search him; this is the theefe, o heares my purſe,
My chaine, my Iewels: oh thou wicked wretch,
How darſt thou vnder ſhow of holines,
Commit ſuch actions of impietie?
Bind him, Ile haue him made a publicke ſcorne.
Ski. Lay holde vpon that other hermit,
He is a counterfeit as well as I,
He ſtole thoſe clothes from me, for I am Skinke,
Search him, I know him not, he is ſome ſlaue.
Glo. Thou lyeſt baſe varlet,
Re. O g God he has a ſword too, S Skink are you ca catcht?
Lan. Villaine thou ſhalt with me vnto the Court.
Ley. And this with me, this is the traytor Gloſter.
Glo. Thou lyeſt proud Leyſter I am no traytor.
Re. G gloſter? O b braue, now m my father ſh ſhal be ffree
Lan. Earle Gloſter I am ſorry thou art taken.
Glo. I am not taken yet, nor will I yeild
To any heare but noble Lancaſter,
Let Skinke be Leyſters priſoner Ile be thine.
Ley, Thou ſhalt be mine.
Gl, Firſt through a crimſon ſluce, Ile ſend thy hated ſoule
to thoſe blacke fiendes
That long haue houered gaping for their parte,
When tyrant life ſhould leaue thy traytor heart.
Come Lancaſter keep Skinke ile goe with thee,
Let looſe the mad knaue, for I prayſe his ſhifts,
He ſhall not ſtarte away, ile be his guide,
And with proude looks outface young Henries pride.
Ley. Looke to them Lancaſter vpon thy life.
Red. Well ile r r run and get a p pardon of the K K K King,
Gl Gloſter and Skinke ta ta taken? O b b braue, r r r run re

ReRed ca cap a and ca ca cary the first n n newes to co co court.

Ley. Lancaster ile helpe to guarde them to the Court.

Lan. Doe as you please.

Glo. Leyster doe not come neare me, for if thou doe, thou shalt buy it dearely.

Ley. Ile haue thy hand for this.

Glo. Not for thy heart.

Sky. Braue Earle, had Skinke knowne thou hadst been the Noble Gloster (whose mad trickes haue made mee loue thee) I would haue dy'd Blacke heath red with the bloud of millions, ere we would haue been taken; but what remedy, we are fast & must answere it like Gentlemen, like Souldiers, like resolutes.

Gl. I ye are a gallant, come olde Lancaster,
For thy sake will I goe; or else by heauen
Ide send some dozen of these slaues to hel. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Richard, Robert Hoode & Lady Faukenbridge.

La. Your trauaile and your comfortable newes,
This Ring, the certaine signe you met with him,
Bindes me in duetyous loue vnto your grace:
But on my knees I fall, and humbly craue,
Import une that no more, you nere can haue.

Ric. Nay then ye wrong me Lady Faukenbridge,
Did you not ioyne your faire white hand?
Swore that ye would forsweare your husbands bed,
If I could but finde out Gloster?

La. I sweare so? *Ric.* By heauen

Rob. Take heed, its a high oath my Lord.

Ric. What meanst thou Huntington?

Ro. To saue your soule, I doe not loue to haue my friends
She neuer promist that you vrge her with. (forsworne,

Ric. Goe to, prouoke me not.

Rob. I tell you true, twas I in her attyre that promist you,
She was gone vnto the wizard at Blacke heath,
And there had suters more then a good many.

Ric. Was I deluded then?

La. No

La. No not deluded, but hindred from desire vnchast and
O let me woo yee with the tongue of ruth, (rude:
Dewing your princely hand with pitties teares,
That you would leaue this most vnlawfull sute,
Here we liue till Faukenbridge be dead.
(As God defend his death I should desire)
Then if your highnes daine so base a match,
And holy lawes admit a mariage,
Considering our affinity in bloud,
I will become your Handmayde not your harlot.
That shame shall neuer dwell vpon my brow.
Rob. Ifaith my Lord she's honorably resolu'd,
For shame no more, importune her no more.
Ri. Marian I see thy vertue, and commend it,
I know my error seeking thy dishonor,
But the respectlesse, reasonles commaund
Of my inflamed loue, bids me still try,
And trample vnder foote all pietye.
Yet for I will not seeme too impyous,
Too inconsiderate of thy seeming griefe,
Vouchsafe to be my Mistris: vse me kindely,
And I protest ile striue with all my power,
That lust himselfe may in his heate deuour.
La. You are my seruant then.
Ric. Thankes sacred Mistresse.
Ro. What am I?
La. You are my fellow Robert.

Enter Faukenbridge in his hose and dublet.

Fau. What Prince Richard? noble Huntington?
Welcome, yfaith welcome, by the morrow Masse
You are come as fitly as my heart can wish:
Prince Iohn this night will be a Reueller,
He hath inuited me and Marian.
Gods mary mother goe along with vs,
Its but hard by, close by, at our towne Tauerne.
Ric. Your Tauerne?
Fau. O I I I tis his owne made match,
Ile make you laugh, ile make you laugh yfaith;

Come, come, he's ready, O come, come away.
La. But wher's the Princesse?
Fa. He's ready too, Block Bl, my man, must be her waiting (man,
Nay wil ye goe: for gods sake let vs goe.
Ri. Is the iest so? nay then let vs away.
Rob. O twill allay his heate, make dead his fire,
Fau. Ye bob'd me first, ye first gaue me my hyre,
But come a gods name, Prince Iohn stayes for vs. *Exeunt.*
Rob. This is the word, euer at spend-thriftes feastes,
They are guld themselues, and scoft at by their guests. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn.

Ioh. Buffild and scoft, Skinke, Gloster, women, fooles, and boyes abuse me?
Ile be reueng'd,
Ric. Reueng'd, and why good childe?
Olde Faukenbridge hath had a worser basting.
Fa. I, they haue banded from chase to chase;
I haue been their tennis ball, since I did coort,
Ric. Come Iohn, take hand with vertuous Isabell,
And lets vnto the Court like louing friends,
Our Kingly brothers birth daies feastiuall,
Is foorthwith to be kept, thether we'l hye,
And grace with pompe that great solemnity.
Io. Whether ye wil, I care not where I goe:
If griefe wil grace it, ile adorne the shew.
Fa. Come Madam, we must thither, we are bound.
La. I am loath to see the Court, Gloster being from thence,
Or kneele to him that gaue vs this offence.
Fa. Body of me peace woman, I prethee peace.

Enter Redcap.

Red. Go go god ye, go god sspeed ye,
Ioh. Whether run you sir knaue?
Red. R r run ye sir kuaue? why I r run to my La Lady Fa Faukenbridge, to te te tell her Sk Skinke and Gl Gloster is t taken, and are gg one to the CC Court with L Lord Leyster, and L Lord la la Lancaster.
Io. Is Gloster taken? thether will I flye
Vpon wraths wings, not quiet til he dye. *Exit with Princesse*
Ri. Is

Rich. Is Glester taken?

Red: I he is ta taken I wa warrant ye with a wi witnes,

Ric. Then will I to Court, & eyther set him free, or dye the death,
Follow me Faukenbridge, feare not faire Madam:
You said you had the Porter in your house,
Some of your seruants bring him, on my life
One hayre shal not be taken from his head,
Nor he, nor you, nor Glester iniured.

Fa. Come Mall, and Richard say the word nere feare.

Ro. Madam, we haue twenty thousand at our call,
The most, young Henry dares, is but to braule.

La: Pray God it prooue so. (Porter.

Ric: Follow Huntington: sir Rich. doe not faile to send the

Fa: Blocke, bring the Porter of the Fleete to Court.

Bl. I wil sir.

Red: The p p Porter of the ſ ſ Fleete to Court? what p p porter of the ſ ſ Fleete?

Blo. What Redcap, run redcap, wilt thou see thy father?

Red. My fa father? I that I w wold ſſee my f father, & there be a p porter in your ho house, its my f father.

Bl. Follow me Redcap then. *Exit.*

Red. And you were two to twenty b Blockes, ide f f follow ye ſſo I would, and r run to the co co court too, and k kneele before the k k King f f for his pa pardon.

Block within. Come away Redcap, run Redcap.

Red. I I I r r run as f f faſt as I I ca ca can run I wa warrant yee.

Enter a Sinet, first two Herraldes, after them Leyster with a Scepter, Lancaster with a Crowne Imperiall on a cushion: After them Henry the elder bareheaded, bearing a ſword and a Globe: after him young Henry Crowned: Elinor the mother Queene Crowned: young Queene Crowned. Henry the elder places his Sonne, the two Queenes on eyther hand, himselfe at his feete, Leyster and Lancaster below him.

Hen. Herrald, fetch Lancaster and Leyster Coronets,
Suffer no Ma. queſſe, Earle, nor Counteſſe enter,

Except their temples circled are in golde,
He deliuers Coronets to Leyster and Lancaster.
Shew them our vize-roys: by our will controld
As at a cornation, euery Peere
Appeares in all his pompe, so at this feast
Held for our birth-right, let them be adorn'd.
Let Gloster be brought in, crown'd like an Earle, *Exit*
This day we'll haue no parley of his death,
But talke of Iouisanes and gleefull mirth.
Let Skinke come in, giue him a Barons seat,
High is his spirrit, his deserts are greate.
Kin. You wrong the honour of Nobilitie,
To place a robber in a Barons stead,
Quee. Its well ye tearme him not a murtherer.
Kin. Had I mistearmed him?
Quee. I that had you Henry.
He did a peece of Iustice at my Bidding.
Kin. Who made you a Iustice?
Hen. I that had the power. *Kin.* You had none then.
Enter Gloster and Skinke.
Ley. Yes he was crownd before.
Hen. Why does not Gloster weare a Coronet?
Glo. Because his Scueraigne doth not weare a Crowne.
Hen. By heauen put on thy Coronet, or that heauen
Which now with a clear, lends vs this light,
Shall not be courtain'd with the vaile of night,
Eare on thy head I clap a burning Crowne,
Of red hot Yron that shall seare thy braines.
Ri. Good Gloster Crowne thee with thy Coronet.
Lan. Doo gentle Earle.
Skin. Swounds doo, would I had one.
Qu. Doo not I prethee keepe thy proud heart still.
Glo. Ile weare it but to crosse thy froward will.
Hen. Sit downe and take thy place.
Glo. Its the low earth.
To her I must, from her I had my breath.
Hen. We are pleas'd thou shalt sit there, Skinke take thy
place among my nobles.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Iohn and Isabell with Coronets.

Ski. Thankes to King Henries grace,
Io. Iohn Earle of Merton and of Notingham,
With Isabell his Counteſſe, bow themſelues
Before their brother Henries Royall Throane.
Hen. Aſſend your ſeats liue in our daily loue.

Enter Richard, and Robert with Coronts.

Ric. Richard the Prince of England, with his Ward
The noble Robert Hood, Earle Huntington,
Preſent their ſeruice to your Maieſtie.
Hen. Y'are welcome too, though little be your loue.

Enter Faukenbridge with his Lady, ſhe a Coronet

Fa. Olde Richard Faukenbridge, Knight of the croſſe,
Lord of the Cinque ports, with his noble wife
Dame Marrian Counteſſe of weſt Hereford,
Offer their duties at this Royall meeting.
Hen. Sit downe, thou art a newter, ſhe a foe,
Thy loue we doubt, her hart too well we know.
What ſutors are without, let them come in.
Glo. And haue no Iuſtice where contempt is King.
Hen. Mad man I giue no care to thy looſe words.
Io. O ſir y'are welcome, you haue your old ſeat.
Glo. Though thou ſit hier yet my heart's as great.
Que. Great heart wee'll make you leſſer by the head.
Glo. Ill comes not euer to the threatned.

Enter Blacke and Redcap.

Hen. What are you two?
Red. M ma mary and't pleaſe you I am re re Redcap.
Hen. And what's your mate?
Blo. A poore Porter ſir.
Iob. The Porter of the fleet that was condemned.
Blo. No truely ſir I was Porter laſt, when I left
The doore open at the Tauerne.
Io. O iſt you ſir?
Ker. And what would you two haue?
Red. I co co come to re re re qui quier the young K K King of his go goo goodnes, ſince Glo Gloſter is t t aken, that he wo wo would let my fa fa father haue his pa pa pardon.

Hen. Sirra

Hen. Sirra your father has his pardon sign'd,
Go to the office it shall be deliuered.
Red. And shall he be p p Porter a ga gaine?
Hen. I that he shall, but let him be aduis'd
Heareafter, how lets out prisoners.
Red. I wa warrant ye my Lord.
Hen. What hast thou more to say?
Red. Marry I wo would haue Skinke pu punish for co co
Cunnicatching me.
Ley. Is that your busines?
Red. I by my t troth is it.
Hen. Then get away.
Glo. A gainst Skinke (poore knaue)
Thou gets no right this day.
Blo. O but run backe Redcap for the Pursеuant.
Red. O I Lord sir, I haue another sute for the p p Pursе-
uant, that has I lost his b b box, and his wa wa warrant.
Hen. What meanes the fellow?
Red. Why the pu pu pursеuant sir and the po po Porter.
Glo. The box that I had from him, there it is.
Fau. Mary a me, and I was chargd with it.
Had you it brother Gloster? Gods good mercy,
Hen. And what haue you to say?
Bl. Nothing sir but God blesse you, you are a goodly com-
pany, except sir William or my Lady wil command me any
more seruice.
Fau. Away you prating knaue, hence varlet, hence. *Exit.*
Ley. Put forth them fellowes there.
Red. A fo fore I go goe I b b be s s seech you let Sk Skinke
and gl Gloster be lo lo looked too, for they haue p p playd
the k k knaues to to to b b bad.
Hen. Take hence that stuttering fellow, shut them forth.
Red. Nay Ile ru ru run, faith you shall not n n need to b b b
bid him ta ta take m me away, for re re Redcap will r ru run
rarely. *Exit.*
Hen. The sundrie misdemeanors late committed,
As theeues and shifts in other mens disguise,
We now must (knaue Skinke) freely tell thy faults.
Skin. Sweet

Skin. Sweet King by theſe two terrors to myne enemies,
that lend light to my bodies darknes: Caualero *Skinke*
being beleagerd with an hoſte of leaden heeles, arm'd in
ring Iriſh: cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and Coate;
waſſurpriſed, brought to the fleet as a perſon ſuſpected, paſt
currant, till Gloſter ſtript me from my counterfet, clad my
backe in ſilke and my hart in ſorrow, and ſo left me to the
mercy of my mother witt: how Prince Iohn releaſt me, he
knowes: howe I got Faukenbridges chaine, I know: but
how he will get it againe, I know not.

Fau. Where is it ſirra, tell me where it is?

Glo. I got it from him, and I got Iohns ſword,

Joh. I would twere to the hilts vp in thy harte.

Rut. O be more charitable brother Iohn.

Ley. My Leidge, you need not by perticulars
Examine what the world knows too plaine,
If you will pardon Skinke, his life is ſau'd,
If not, he is conuicted by the Law,
For Gloſter: as you worthyly reſoul'd,
Firſt take his hand, and afterward his head.

Hen. Skinke thou haſt life, our pardon and our loue.

Ski. And your forgiueneſſe for my robbery?

Jo. Tut neuer trouble me with ſuch a toy.
Thou hindreſt me from hearing of my ioye.

Hen. Bring forth a blocke, wine, water and towell,
Kniues, and a Surgion to binde vp the vaines,
Of Gloſters arme: when his right hand is off,
His hand that ſtrooke Skinke at the Parlament:

Ski. I ſhall beare his blowes to my graue my Lord.

Kin. Sonne Henry ſee thy fathers palzie hands,
Ioyn'd like two ſupplyants, preſſing to thy throwne?
Looke how the furrowes of his aged cheeke,
Fild with the reuolets of wet eyde mone,
Begs mercy for Earle Gloſter? weigh his gilt,
Why for a ſlaue, ſhould Royall blood be ſpilt?

Ski. You wrong myne honour: Skink may be reueng'd,

Hen. Father I doe commend your humble courſe.

But quite dislike the proiect of your sute,
Good words in an ill cause makes the fact worse,
Of blood or Basenes, Iustice will dispute,
The greater man the greater his transgression,
Where strength wrongs weaknes, it is meare oppression,
La. O but King Henry heare a sister speake,
Gloster was wrong'd, his lands were giuen away,
They are not Iustly said, Iust lawes to break,
That keep their owne right, with what power they may,
Thinke then thy Royall selfe began the wrong,
In giuing Skinke what did to him belong.
Quee. Heare me Sonne Henry, while thou art a King,
Giue take, pryson, thy subiects are thy slaues,
Life, need, thrones, proud hearts in dungions fling.
Grace men to day, to morrowe giue them graues.
A King must be like Fortune; euer turning,
The world his football, all her glory spurning.
Glo. Still your olde counsaile Beldam pollicie,
You'r a fit Tutresse in a Monarchy.
Rich. Mother you are vniust, sauage, too cruell,
Vnlike a woman: gentlenes guides their sexe,
But you to furyes fire ad more fewell,
The vexed spirit, will you delight to vex?
O God when I consaue what you haue done,
I am a sham'd to be estem'd your sonne.
Io. Base Richard I disdaine to call thee brother,
Takest thou a traytors part in our disgrace?
For Gloster, wilt thou wrong our sacred mother?
I scorne thee and defie thee to thy face.
O that we were in field, then shouldst thou trie,
Rob. How fast Earle Iohn would from Prince Richard flye
Thou meet a Lyon in feeld? poore mouse,
All thy Carreers are in a Brothell house.
Ioh. Zounds boy.
Ric. Now man:
Ley. Richard you wrong Prince Iohn.
Ric. Leyster tweare Good you proou'd his Champion.

Io. Hasten

Jo. Haſten the execution Royall Lord,
Let deeds make anſwer for their worthleſſe wordes.
Glo. I know if I reſpected hand or head,
I am encompaſſed with a world of frends,
And could from fury bee deliuered.
But then my freedom hazards many liues.
Henry performe the vtmoſt of thy hate,
Let thy hard harted mother haue her wil,
Giue Franticke Iohn no longer cauſe to prate,
I am prepared for the worſt of ill,
You ſee my knees kiſſe the could pauements face,
They are not bent to Henry nor his frends,
But to all you whoſe bloud fled to your hearts,
Shewes your true ſorrowe in your aſhye cheekes:
To you I bend my knees, you I intreat,
To ſmile on Gloſters Reſolution.
Who euer loues me will not ſhed a teare,
Nor breath a ſigh, nor ſhow a cloudy frowne,
Looke Henry, heares my hand, I lay it downe,
And ſweare as I haue Knighthood heer't ſhall lye,
Till thou haue vſed all thy tyranny.
La. Has no man heart to ſpeake?
Glo. Let all that loue me keepe ſilence, or by heauen Ile hate them dying.
Quee. Harry off with his hand, then with his head.
Fau. By the red rood I cannot chuſe but weepe.
Come loue or hate my teares I cannot keepe.
Quc. When comes this lingring executioner?
Joh. An executioner: an executioner:
Hen. Call none till we haue drunke: father fill wine,
To day your Office is to beare our cupp.
Ric. Ile fill it Henry. *K. kneele downe.*
He. Dick you are too meane, ſo bow vnto your ſoueraigne,
Gl. Kneele to his childe? O hell! O terror! (Gloſter learne:
Who would loue life, to ſee this huge diſhonor?
Hen. Saturne kneel'd to his Sonne the God was faine
To call young Ioue his ages Soueraigne.

Take now your seate againe and weare your Crowne;
Now shineth Henry like the Middayes Sonne,
Through his Horizon,darting all his beames,
Blinding with his bright splendor euery eye,
That stares against his face of Maiesty.
The Comets,whose malicious gleames
Threatned the ruyne of our Royalty,
Stands at our mercy,yet our wrath denyes
All fauour,but extreame extreamityes.
Gloster,haue to thy sorrow,chafe thy armes
That I may see thy bloud(I long'd for oft)
Gush from thy vaines,and staine this Pallace roofe.
Io. Twould exceed gilding.
Quee. I as golde doth Oaker.
Glo. Its wel ye count my bloud so precious.
Hen. Leyster reach Gloster wine.
Ley. I reach it him?
Hen. Proude Earle ile spurne thee,quickely go & beare it
Glo. Ile count it poyson if his hand come neere it.
Hen. Giue it him Leyster vpon our displeasure.
Glo. Thus Gloster takes it,thus againe he flings it,
In scorne of him that sent it,and of him that brought it.
Ski. O braue spirit!
La. Brauely resolu'd brother,I honour thee.
Quee. Harke how his sister ioyes in his abuse?
Wilt thou indure it Hall?
Fau. Peace good Marian.
Hen. Auoyde there euery vnder Officer.
Leaue but vs,our Peeres and Ladyes heere.
Richard you loue Earle Gloster:looke about
If you can spye one in this company,
That hath not done as great a sinne as Gloster;
Chuse him,let him be the executioner.
Ric. Thou hast done worse then, like rebellious head,
Hast arm'd ten thousand hands against his life
That lou'd thee so,as thou wert made a King,
Being his childe,now lle's thy vnderling.

I haue

I haue done worse: thrise I drew my sword,
In three set battles for thy false defence.
Iohn hath done worse, he still hath tooke thy part,
All of vs three haue smitte our fathers heart;
Which made proude Lucifer bolde to strike his face,
To his eternall shame, and our disgrace.
Hen. Silence, I see thou meanst to finde none sir.
I am sure, nor Lancaster, nor Huntington,
Nor Faukenbridge, will lay a hand on him.
Mother, wife, brother, lets descend the Throane
Where Henry is the Monarch of the West,
Hath set amongst his Princes dignified.
Father take you the place, see Iustice.
Kin. Its iniust Iustice I must tell thee Sonne.
Hen. Mother holde you the Bason, you the Towell,
I know your French hearts thirst for English bloud;
Iohn, take thee Mallet, I will holde the knife,
And when I bid thee smite, strike for thy life:
Make a marke Surgion, Gloster now prepare thee.
Glo. Tut, I am ready, to thy worst I dare thee.
Hen. Then haue I done my worst, thrise honoured Earle,
I doe imbrace thee in affections armes.
Quee. What meanes thou Henry? O what meanes my Son?
Hen. I meane no longer to be lullaby'd,
In your seditious armes.
Hen. Wife. e *Mordieu* Henry.
Hen. *Mordieu* nor deuill, little tit of Fraunce,
I know your hart leapes, at our hearts mischaunce,
Io. Swounds Henry thou art mad:
Hen I haue bin mad; what stampst thou Iohn? knowst thou not who I am?
Come stamp the deuill out, suckt from thy Dam.
Que. Ile curse thee Henry.
Hen. You'r best be quiet, least where we finde you, to the Tower we beare you,
For being abroad, England hath cause to feare yee.
Kin. I am strucke dombe with wonder.

Glo. I amaz'd, imagine that I ſee a vizion.
Hen. Gloſter, I giue thee firſt this Skinke, this ſlaue,
Its in thy power, his life to ſpill or ſaue,
Skyn. He's a noble gentleman, I doe not doub his vſage,
Hen. Stand not thus wondring, Princes kneele all downe,
And caſt your Coronets before his Crowne,
Downe ſtubborne Queene, kneele to your wronged King,
Downe Mammet; Leyſter ile cut of thy legs,
It thou delay thy duety: when proude Iohn?
Io. Nay if all kneele, of force I muſt be one.
Fau. Now by my holydom a vertuous deed.
Hen. Father you ſee your moſt rebellious ſonne,
Stricken with horror of his horred guilt,
Requeſting ſentence fitting his defart,
O treade vpon his head, that trode your heart.
I doe deliuer vp all dignity,
Crowne, Scepter, ſwoord vnto your Maieſty.
Kin. My heart ſurfets with ioy in hearing this.
And deare Sonne ile bleſſe thee with a kiſſe.
Hen. I will not riſe, I will not leaue this ground,
Till all theſe voyces ioyned in one ſeund:
Cry, God ſaue Henry ſecond of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes ſee death with ſhame.
All. God ſaue Henry ſecond of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes ſee death with ſhame.
Hen. Amen, Amen, Amen,
Iob. Harke mother harke?
My brother is already turned Clarke.
Quee. He is a recreant, I am mad with rage.
Hen. Be angry at your enuy gracious mother,
Learne patience and true humility
Of your worſt tuter'd Sonne, for I am he,
Send hence that Frenchwoman, giue her her dowry,
Let her not ſpeake, to trouble my milde ſoule,
Which of this world hath taken her laſt leaue:
And by her power, will my proude fleſh controule.
Off with theſe ſilkes, my garments ſhall be gray,

My

My shirt hard hayre, my bed the ashey dust,
My pillow but a lumpe of hardned clay:
For clay I am, and vnto clay I must,
O I beseech ye let me goe alone,
To liue, where my loose life I may bemone.
Kin. Sonne?
Quee. Sonne?
Ric. Brother?
Io. Brother?
Hen. Let none call me their Sonne, I am no mans brother,
My kindred is in heauen, I know no other,
Farewell, farewell, the world is yours, pray take it,
Ile leaue vexation, and with ioy forsake it. *Exit.*
La. Wondrous conuersion.
Fau. Admirable good: now by my holydam Mali passing (good.
Ric. H'ath fir'd my soule I will to Palestine,
And pay my vowes before the Sepulcher,
Among the multitude of misbeliefe.
Ile shew my selfe the Souldier of Christ,
Spend bloud, sweat teares, for satisfaction
Of many many sinnes which I lament:
And neuer thinke to haue them pardoned,
Till I haue part of Sirria conquered.
Glo. He makes me wonder, and inflames my spirits,
With an exceeding zeale to Portingale,
Which Kingdome the vnchristned Sarisons,
The blacke fac'd Affricans, and tawny Moores,
Haue got vniustly in possession:
Whence I will fire them with the help of heauen.
Ski. Skinke will scotch them braue Gloster
Make Carbonadoes of their Bacon fletches;
Deserue to be counted valiant by his valour,
And Ryuo will he cry, and Castile too,
And wonders in the land of Ciuile doo.
Rob O that I were a man to see these fights,
To spend my bloud amongst these worthy Knights.
Fa. Mary aye me, were I a boy againe,

Ide

Ide either to Ierusalem or Spaine.
Ioh. Faith Ile keepe England, mother you and I
Will liue, for all this fight and foolery.
Kin. Peace to vs all, let's all for peace giue prayse,
Vnlookt for peace, vnlookt for happy dayes.
Loue Henries birth day, he hath bin new borne,
I am new crowned, new settled in my seate.
Lets' all to the Chappell, there giue thankes and praise,
Beseeching grace from Heauens eternal Throne,
That England neuer know more Prince then one. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

OCT 3 0 2001

242125

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY